

Twentieth Year--August 3, 1912

Los Angeles, California--Price Ten Cents

# The GRAPHIC



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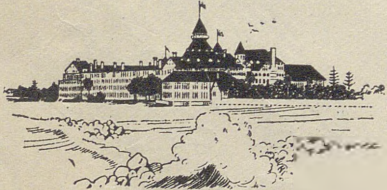
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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



## BREAKING THE NEWS TO TAFT

AT LAST President Taft knows the worst. Senator Root conveyed the sad news as gently and as sympathetically as he could, assuring him that the filched nomination was as "unimpeachable as the title of any candidate of any party since political conventions began." Thanking the New Yorker for his kind words the Chicago beneficiary immediately offered his "profound gratitude to the Republican party" (temporarily defunct). Considering that about two-thirds of the nomination comes from the South where there is no Republican party, electorally speaking, and in further view of the fact that the big Republican states repudiated him at the primaries Mr. Taft's acceptance of the "honor" as an approval of his course and as an expression of confidence that "in a second term I will serve the public well" cannot be regarded as otherwise than a grim joke.

Another cause for more "profound gratitude" from the President was, he declared, the victory for right whereby "a man whose recently avowed political views would have committed the party to radical proposals, involving dangerous changes to the present constitutional form of government and our independent judiciary," was prevented from violating a valuable and time-honored national tradition—that of reaching out for a third-term. By that victory Mr. Taft is assured that the party "was" saved for further usefulness. As for his own administration it has been so nearly ideal that he ventures to say "there is no national administration wherein more real steps have been taken toward true progress"—he particularizes the prevention of privileges without just compensation—than the one he heads.

This reference to privileges is unfortunate, since the neglect to curtail the special privilege classes is the head and front of his offending. Mr. Taft promised to lop off these privileges materially, but he failed to keep his pre-election pledges and has been under the ban ever since. He derides those parties that offer a panacea for existing evils and regards their promises of a condition wherein the poor would be made reasonably rich and the rich reasonably poor as a vision of the impossible. With the latter no reasonable man will take issuance, but there is a better condition that might be attained through a more equitable adjustment of the tariffs whereby the rich might be deterred from increasing their wealth at the expense of the poor and the latter given a lower schedule of prices on the necessities of life.

Mr. Taft dismisses these inequalities by saying that as it is impossible to re-distribute "ill-gotten wealth" equitably all that can be done is to treat it as an evil incidental to the great expansive movement in the material progress of the world and to make sure there will be no recurrence of such evils. But mark

his inconsistency. The leader of the Democratic party who promises remedies, genuine remedies, to counteract this evil of unequal distribution of wealth through unjust taxation, is charged by Mr. Taft with harboring one object only—that of acquiring power which he would get by clamoring for a change from present conditions.

This is about as honest as Roosevelt's accusation that Gov. Wilson is in the clutches of the Belmonts, the Ryans, the Taggarts and the Murphys when, if anything stands out clear, it is that the Baltimore nominee is absolutely untrammelled and obligationless. The Republican party, through its rank-and-file membership, sought from Mr. Taft a definite promise of tariff revision downward which he gave and later broke his pledge. For this treachery, or rather breach of faith, the people retaliated by putting the Democrats in control of the popular branch of congress, by repudiating him at the primaries and withholding support at the convention. It is sheer affectation to say that the Republican party (groggy) has "profoundly" honored him. He insisted on having the nomination delivered to him by the Barnes-Penrose-Guggenheim-Crane-Root route, would listen to no compromise candidate, was avid for the southern support that was in no sense representative of the party and accepted eagerly what the national committee through fraudulent settlement of contests was able to deliver. For all of this Mr. Taft may be profoundly grateful, but the people have yet to be heard from and they will put him far from them next November.

## BITTER PERSONALITIES RENEWED

THIEF! LIAR! In these two expletives are embraced the whole of the difference between the Roosevelt-Taft candidacies for the presidency. The colonel's slogan is "Thou Shalt Not Steal!" The Chicago beneficiary retorts by denying the imputation and denouncing the imputer. It is to be a display of vulgar adjectives, apparently, all through the campaign with the people getting sicker and sicker of the unpleasant personalities as the two contenders for second place at the November election continue to indulge their nagging propensities. There is but one refuge in this verbal storm and that is the Woodrow Wilson port. It calls for no seventh son to predict that the Democratic nominee will be the political harbor of hundreds of thousands of disgruntled Republicans.

Chairman Hilles, as an echo of the Chicago steam roller committee, laboriously traversing the hearings that resulted in the seating of Taft contestants and the naming of the gelatinous President, is no more convincing than was the original unholy rollers. The value of his reviews may be best estimated by his reference to the California contest in which he is careful to refrain from mentioning that in the Fourth congressional district, where the Taft delegates apparently received a majority of two hundred more votes than the Roosevelt candidates, there were a dozen or fifteen voting precincts of another district that overlapped and were included in the Fourth, making it physically impossible to decide the case on its merits. The Washington contest is as baldly partisan in its presentment.

That there were many trivial contests interjected by the Roosevelt faction is unquestionably true and in denouncing them as fakes Hilles is well within his province. But they cut no ice in the convention. The crucial cases were in Washington, Texas, Arizona, North Carolina, and California. In these five contests Roosevelt delegates had the better of the argument and should have been seated. By rejecting them, through the arbitrary decisions of the commit-

tee, Taft won a Pyrrhic victory that will not only place him third in the list, but will carry the party he has deflowered to defeat. A more disrupted political organization never went before the people asking for indorsement of its candidate and the selfish ambition of William Howard Taft is responsible for its undoing.

So far as the tariff goes—and that, we maintain, is the chief issue of the campaign—Taft and Roosevelt are as alike as two peas. Neither one at heart favors tariff revision downward. Taft is naturally averse to bestriding the protection policy for temperamental reasons; Roosevelt has convinced himself that his dear friends of the several highly protected trusts are entitled to all they can get and he prefers to fulminate against every other conceivable issue except the one that is primarily responsible for the high cost of living. The progressives of his party realize this defect in his mental make-up and are preparing to act accordingly. Only through the courageous and clear-thinking Wilson is relief possible on this score. In the other camps there will be a go it bear, go it dog attitude, all through the campaign, to the intense disgust of millions who will not be backward in expressing their true sentiments in November. Only from Woodrow Wilson may the country expect statesman-like discussions of the big issues that vitally affect the welfare of the people.

## WHY BENCH AND BAR ARE IN DISREPUTE

SPEAKING before the State Prosecutors' Association at Tacoma, Tuesday, Attorney General A. V. Tanner of Washington made an admission that bears out in a forcible way what we have been insisting of late, that a growing disrespect for bench and bar is being engendered, due largely to the failure and delays in getting justice, according to the ideas of the people, in criminal prosecutions. "We don't admit it publicly," said the attorney general of the northern coast state, "but we are bound to admit it among ourselves."

Just now there is a tense struggle in progress in Los Angeles to convict a lawyer accused of the heinous crime of jury bribing. Whether or not he is guilty is for a jury of his peers to decide. The defense is strenuous and no points are being overlooked. But it is not the guilt or innocence of Clarence Darrow that concerns us at this moment. We find him on the witness stand contending with all the sophisticated arguments of a lawyer that although he knew his clients to be guilty—one the direct cause of the slaying of twenty innocent persons—the other a murderer at heart, since his connection with lawless undertakings might easily have resulted in murder—yet it was his duty to aid them to escape the consequences of their crimes. In other words, for months he was acting a lie, as every criminal lawyer is who knows his client is guilty yet whose energies and abilities are invoked to deceive the jury and help the culprit evade punishment. Perhaps, this may explain why lawyers, criminal lawyers, especially, are in disrepute with good citizens generally. It is their province—for a price—to protect criminals from the results of their misdeeds.

If the bench is included in the feeling of disrespect regnant the reason is not far to seek. Endless technicalities of a trivial nature are allowed by trial judges to clog the administration of justice, recognition of which in nowise bears on the merits of the case at issue, but which are thrust forward by cunning lawyers because of precedents established; through fear of error the judges render decisions not in accordance with the facts, but in line with technical rulings in similar cases of prior record. When courageous newspaper publishers protest against such



travesties they are fined for contempt of court and even mulcted for punitive damages. A superior court judge over in San Bernardino county, now a candidate for reelection, had the hardihood to lecture an honest editor for bravely criticising notorious rank decisions of a criminal court judge in this county and after fining him one hundred dollars advised his brother jurist to sue for damages. A more unjust and indefensible bench utterance in the name of justice was never perpetrated in the state.

But if lawyers and judges are under the ban for queer ethics and judicial travesties what shall be said of the state executive who has repeatedly set aside jury verdicts and court decisions in criminal cases. Murderers for whom no possible excuse for leniency could be found, whose sordid and vicious conduct demands the extreme rigor of the law, are relieved time and again because, forsooth, a few of his chief newspaper supporters, who find the dynamiting to death of a score of persons merely a social mistake, plead for the abolition of the death penalty. As a result murders are on the increase because the fear of equal punishment is removed and the law made ineffective. Gov. Johnson is false to his trust, false to the commonwealth every time he interferes so unwarrantably with the courts. They have their faults of omission and of commission to bear; he accents the wrongs inflicted on society.

#### JAPAN'S PROGRESSIVE MIKADO

JAPAN is in genuine mourning over the death of the Mikado, Mutsuhito, who for forty-five years has given Nippon a government so truly progressive that from a state of savagery, almost, the nation has emerged into the highest form of civilization and from occupying a position of insignificance Japan is now properly reckoned among the great world powers. The Mikado was only a lad of fifteen when he began his long reign, but from the outset his sympathies and tendencies were toward the uplift of his people. He rightly concluded that this advancement must come from within and in furtherance of this he voluntarily abolished the feudal system and instituted a parliamentary constitution.

He sent the flower of Japan to Europe to acquire the principles of western science, which, later, have been spread through the island; he caused railroads to be built to develop the country's resources, built up a powerful navy that first proved its efficacy in the war with China and later with Russia, and encouraged the establishment of educational institutions in every large city of the empire. Dockyards and arsenals, mills and factories have followed in marvelous succession in this wonderful work of the development of a nation, to all of which the Mikado lent his approval and of which, in fact, he was the prime inspiration.

If the Japanese have not yet acquired stability of character and a reputation for fundamental honesty it is probably due to the fact that in getting their education abroad the ones who helped to mould those at home imbibed along with their sciences and business attainments an unfortunate percentage of the traits all too common in the business world, coming under the head of "sharp practice." In their marvellous assimilation of western ways the Japs have not failed to acquire bad habits along with the good. In time, it is believed, by reason of their predilection to clean politics, love of country and reverence for the law, higher notions of commercial integrity will be inculcated than are at present apparent ruling traits.

Mutsuhito has been foremost in every movement to enhance the welfare of his countrymen and after forty-five years of unprecedented progress he leaves the nation firmly entrenched in its position among the world rulers, a policy of colonial expansion defined and in practical working order in Korea, foreign commerce showing remarkable strides, public schools everywhere established, universities flourishing, whose staffs of able foreign professors have given these institutions of higher education unusual prominence and the people inspired to strive and attain as never a nation was before. It is a cocky little

Japan, to be sure, that the Mikado has created, but who can wonder at this national trait, all things considered? Yoshihito, the succeeding Mikado, is in close sympathy with his eminent sire and perhaps it will be his mission to give stability to the national character. Having that, with the exterior qualifications now a part and parcel of the people, Japan will be ready to command that respect for her subjects which battleships and fighting qualities do not necessarily enforce.

#### ROOSEVELT RETORTS IN KIND

QUITE as expected, the colonel "comes back" at his one-time friend, the President, whose campaign manager opened the week's exercises by putting Roosevelt at the head of a Taft Ananias Club. Stung by the accusation that he was merely a picturesque liar the Mild Man from Oyster Bay retorts without a day's loss of time that Mr. Taft's lieutenants perpetrated downright theft, in that they stole more than ninety delegates; that the Chicago nominee received three-fourths of his fraudulent majority from "rotten-borough delegates from those southern states where there is no real Republican party and which have never cast a Republican electoral vote" and "from the hand picked delegates of Messrs. Barnes, Penrose, Guggenheim and Company from the north."

Not so bad for a starter, and true, too. The colonel adds: "It is no mere coincidence that at least nine-tenths of the senatorial leaders in the theft of the Chicago convention were also leaders in the fight to retain Lorimer in the senate." Another center shot. He finds it a natural sequence that politicians and newspapers that uphold Lorimer and see nothing improper about his election should be denying the existence of fraud at the Chicago convention or theft of delegates and he concludes by asserting that the fraudulent nomination of Mr. Taft can be defended only upon grounds which would also justify Mr. Lorimer's election to and his retention in the senate.

These brief citations, following the declarations of Chairman Hilles, indicate what the great American jury may expect that "sits" on the case of "Theft versus Liar," to apply these cozening terms to their intended respective owners. It is likely to be an inspiring campaign—not. With what relief the average voter will turn to the dignified and earnest outgivings of Gov. Wilson whose consideration of the live issues of the day, affecting the people closely, is bound to prove illuminating and convincing. While the Taft-Roosevelt interchange of personal compliments continues, to the disgust of every thinking citizen, Woodrow Wilson will hew to the line on topics of genuine interest and in a manner that cannot fail to endear him to the American people regardless of party affiliations.

#### CONVICTED BY HIS OWN ADMISSIONS

INNOCENT of evil intent Judge Archbald may have been, as an individual, but as a jurist occupying a responsible position on the federal bench his conduct, according to his own admissions, filed in the formal answer to the impeachment charges, was most reprehensible. How could a judge who admits soliciting favors of railroad officials, likely to be haled into his court; of lobbying in certain quarters, for the exertion of influence in putting through private business negotiations, thereby placing him under obligations, do these things and expect to remain unsullied of reputation and judicially unbiased? It is not in reason that he should escape sharp criticism or worse for placing himself in such an equivocal position.

Judge Archbald must be exceedingly obtuse if he will not even admit that he acted unethically. A United States judge who is so lost to a sense of the proprieties as to be unable to recognize the folly of his conduct, to say nothing of the menace to the administration of justice in pursuing such a course, is not to be tolerated in the chair of the cheapest justice shop in the country. Reading his admissions, which are grave enough to damn him as utterly useless in office, the conviction is profound that Judge

Archbald is a fool if he is not a knave and giving him the benefit of the latter doubt is still to decide that he is in nowise fitted to remain in a judicial position, federal or otherwise. He is to be condemned out of his own mouth.

It was not alone his duty to shun temptation, to steer clear of entangling alliances that might tend to corrupt his judgment, but to avoid the appearance of evil. In a dozen different instances Judge Archbald, by his own admissions, shows wherein he laid himself open to grave charges which, while they may be baseless, yet were invited by his indefensible acts. His formal reply to the impeachment proceedings carries conviction that his sense of honor is so dulled that he is utterly unworthy of place on the federal bench and if his friends cannot induce him to resign he must be promptly and effectually legislated out of office.

#### THAW INCURABLY INSANE

IN DECIDING that Harry Thaw is still insane the trial judge gives society the benefit of any doubt that may have existed due to the opposing opinions of expert witnesses. It has been a costly battle, almost as expensive for the state as for the Thaws. But in spite of the several hundred thousand dollars expended by his people in seeking to set the degenerate son at liberty the verdict of Justice Keogh of the White Plains court returns the slayer of Stanford White to the state asylum at Matteawan where he must remain under espionage along with other askewed minds requiring constant surveillance.

What else could be done in view of the solemn assertions by alienists that Thaw is suffering from an incurable form of insanity and is likely at any moment to be swayed by homicidal impulses that would result in tragic consequences if the prisoner were at large. This propensity to kill, if given opportunity of expression, could not be checked other than by remitting the culprit to the asylum whence he never should have been released. No jury would return a verdict of capital punishment, for in spite of the fact that his freedom was prima facie evidence of his sanity the circumstances preceding would condemn such a presumption.

This decision of Judge Keogh marks the conclusion of the third attempt of Thaw to gain his freedom. Indicted for murder and acquitted on the ground of insanity Harry Thaw was committed in February, 1908, to the Matteawan Hospital for the Criminal Insane. The law provides in such cases that the prisoner shall remain in the hospital "until he becomes sane." On two occasions prior to the one just noted Thaw has been instrumental in having judicial inquiries instituted as to his sanity, but in both attempts at deliverance his commitment was confirmed and the judgment was and is that he is insane and that public interest and safety require his detention in the hospital to which he is returned. According to eastern newspaper statements it was estimated in August, 1910, that Thaw's mother had then spent \$800,000 toward obtaining his release. Since then her purse has constantly been open to him and the employment of the high-priced alienists, and the proceedings just concluded will, it is believed, place the total sum expended in his behalf close to \$1,000,000.

#### INSIPID TITANIC REPORT

LONDON'S subcommittee of the Board of Trade has rendered its official report of its conclusions in regard to the sinking of the Titanic and although it directly and properly charges the loss of the big liner to excessive speed and criticises the practice of a ship steaming ahead through dangerous ice fields at night, Captain Smith is not adjudged guilty of neglect. His cavalier manner of handling the ice message warning from the Baltic is deemed "irregular," but the committee believes the incident in nowise affected the navigation of the steamer.

Evidently, not. By all the laws of prudence and common sense and regard for the several thousand lives on board receipt of this message should have been the signal to slow down to half speed, at least, but, to the contrary, the uncontradicted testimony is that the Titanic was sent along at her highest notch



of 21½ knots (23 miles) an hour, which was her gait when she struck the icepack. If this is not neglect of duty, amounting to criminal culpability on the part of the captain and, by inference, the managing owner, Ismay, then of what use eyes, ears and a mentality capable of arguing from cause to effect?

With, apparently, unconscious humor the committee has decided that J. Bruce Ismay was "morally" obliged to go down with the vessels of his line, but his escape is condoned on the ground that "had he done so it would have resulted only in the needless loss of another life." This saves Ismay's social bacon at the same time. The Duff-Gordons' selfish conduct in retarding the boat's officer from seeking to pick up swimmers, following the sinking of the Titanic, is passed over, and the two unworthy scions of British nobility are adjudged guiltless of bribing the crew to put off from the ship with the boat only half-filled. The commander of the Californian is bitterly condemned, as is right. Why his retirement is not demanded is in keeping with the inconsistent attitude of the report throughout. Fire and life drills, reduction of speed in ice districts, constant wireless service, sight tests for lookouts and more life-boats are recommended. All of which are conclusions long ago reached on this side of the Atlantic, even before the senatorial investigation began. Lord Mersey's restraining influence (for years he has been of counsel for the White Star Line Company) must have checked the inclination of the committee to express its logical conclusions, leaving the report rather insipid.

#### IN DEFENSE OF SPINSTERHOOD

POSSIBLY, Miss Helen Gould would be a nobler woman if she were married, but the fact remains that she has glorified her spinsterhood by her good deeds in behalf of humanity and to attempt invidious comparisons, as a Colorado divine has done in his criticism of what he is pleased to term "old maids," is to display neither chivalry nor good sense. To say that no woman has done her duty to the world until she has borne children, is to pervert the truth. If the reverent gentleman had said no woman had fulfilled her natural functions until she had borne children it would be a mere statement of an obvious fact, but as to her "duty" that is a different matter. When the social order is so far advanced that a bachelor maid may, with perfect propriety, seek a father for her child then, perhaps, she may be said to have fulfilled her "duty" in this regard.

We find the Rev. Huffer—or Duffer—asserting that old maids should be isolated on a barren island—harmonious suggestion—as a waste product. That would be a great loss to the world at large. We have in mind several old maids who are adorable "mothers" at heart. It is their misfortune, not their fault, that they are unmarried and have borne no children. On the other hand, we know mothers who should have remained single and barren. It is as cruel an injustice to say that old maids are a detriment to society as to denounce married women as heartless or lazy because they are childless. We entirely agree with that other splendid example of spinsterhood, Miss Jane Addams of Chicago, that Miss Gould is doing as much good for humanity as if she had reared a family of her own, and that the American public needs no brief for spinsters of her type.

We find Dr. Cornelia B. de Bay, also of Chicago, naming ten famous spinsters who achieved world-wide fame for their wisdom, learning and goodness of heart and heading the list she places the wondrous poet of Mitylene, the lyrical Sappho. Of course, Dr. Cornelia is aware that it was through no fault of Sappho that she remained childless. Her passion for Phaon was such that when the Lesbian youth declined to respond to her advances, in despair she threw herself into the sea from Mount Leucas, and was drowned. This sad ending to the amorous poet, to whom the Lesbians, after her death, paid divine honors, by raising temples and altars in her memory and naming her the tenth muse, occurred 500 years before the Christian era began. Many a spinster since Sappho, doubtless, has remained uncherished and "dutiless" because of the selfish neglect of more

modern Phaons. Rev. Huffer—or Duffer—should switch and discharge his batteries at the bachelors. They are the culpable ones of earth. Woman is naturally receptive. Man inherently selfish.

#### HEARST INCUBUS SELF-REMOVED

IT HAS fallen! The blow we have been expecting has been struck! Hearst has renigged! He won't play in Woodrow Wilson's dooryard because the Democratic party has developed a niggardly policy in regard to the navy and refuses to feed the steel trust by authorizing the building of more battleships. From Paris, William Randolph has cabled his horror at this dastardly attitude and once more—any old excuse being good enough—he will withdraw his support from a party that he will not foster—unless he is allowed to dictate its policies and its candidates.

Thank heaven! The last obstacle to Gov. Wilson's success is now removed and with the Hearst incubus lifted the Democratic candidate can read his title clear. The country need not be surprised to find Hearst presently espousing the third term cause. If the colonel is alive to his opportunities he will drop the southern vice-presidential idea and reach out for shifting Willie. This view has also occurred to the Sacramento Union which after expressing the belief that Hearst will be found in the Bull Moose party after the convention next week adds: "Well, why not? The Democratic party and Wilson can spare him. He hates Wilson just as the courtesan hates a good woman and for the same reason. Why not Roosevelt and Hearst as the Bull Moose ticket?"

This attitude of Hearst offers additional reason why his late lieutenant at Baltimore, Theodore Bell, should be relieved of all leadership, in an executive capacity, of the Wilson campaign in California. Mr. Bell has shown that he is not to be trusted and that his obligation to Hearst is greater than his obligation to party interests. No man who stood up at Baltimore as he did and denounced the foremost progressive in the Democratic organization, and who opposed Wilson's nomination when his own candidate was hopelessly beaten is a safe quantity in this campaign. To the gangplank with him!

#### NEW YORK'S POLICE SCANDAL

WITH the arrest of Lieutenant of Police Charles Becker, accused of having plotted the murder of Herman Rosenthal, a New York gambler suspected of "squealing" on his police protectors, the sensational killing of the victim by four hired thugs, for whom the way of escape was cleared, it is alleged, by police connivance, reaches a climactic period. Whether there are others, still "higher-up" from Becker, to be overtaken remains to be seen. District Attorney Whitman, whose vigorous work is responsible for the prompt results thus far attained, intimates that officials above Becker are under suspicion and surveillance.

Rosenthal's killing was decided upon after his refusal to pay "blood-money," police protection having been temporarily withdrawn from his gambling resort. In broad daylight, in the crowded part of the city, he was ruthlessly shot down on the sidewalk, just as he stepped out of the New Metropolitan Hotel. His murderers rode up in an automobile and, it is charged, owing to police acquiescence, they were able to ride off unimpeded. But Nemesis Whitman was soon on their tracks. First, he located the gray "murder" car, next the driver and later the several gamblers who assisted in arranging the details. These three, under promise of partial immunity, have turned state's evidence with the instant arrest of Becker following. The men who actually committed the crime are known and detectives are hot on their trail.

To the outsider the most amazing revelation in this police-murder-gambling scandal of New York is the delectable record of Lieut. Becker, whose sinister career appears to have been well known. For nearly thirty years he has been a member of the New York police force and a turbulent life has been his. He killed a plumber's boy in a chase of burglars, was suspended but reinstated; arrested a woman on a serious charge, locked her up and when she was found

to be innocent he was relieved of duty, but was relieved later of the charges preferred against him; was given a medal for saving a man from drowning, but the "rescued" later confessed that he was a good swimmer and had agreed to take the ducking on a promise of reward from Becker. Placed in command of the underworld raiders his squad killed a man by reckless pistol firing and again Becker was relieved, but once more was assigned to duty. The confession of "Jack Rose," a member of the gambling trio turned informer, is a sordid story of Becker's dishonesty and disregard of sworn duty. If it is corroborated the disgraced police lieutenant is in a fair way to get his deserts from the state. It is but just to say that the police rank-and-file are not included in this scandalous league with the underworld of New York, only a few of the officials being implicated.

#### ELUCIDATING THE MONROE DOCTRINE

REAFFIRMATION of the Monroe doctrine at this time is considered to be advisable and the United States senate through the foreign relations committee is now preparing resolutions that will, if adopted, notify the world powers to beware of concessions for military or naval bases held out to them on platters by Mexican rebels or Central American republics. The resolutions will declare that the acquisition of a naval base or coaling station on this continent by any foreign nation or corporation comprising citizens of a foreign nation will be regarded with grave concern by the United States.

It has been said that the essence of the Monroe declaration is "America for Americans." This, it is explained, does not stand for limitation of the geographical place of birth or of racial character, as is shown by the millions of men from all quarters of the globe for whom America has become a refuge and a home. But if those men had sought to land on any part of the continent as the forerunners of political expansion, representing European systems of government and Old World traditions of caste and privilege, this continent would have been closed to them. The Monroe doctrine places a ban on conquest for territory on the American continent. It does not carry with it antagonism to Europe, as a prominent Spanish-American has pointed out, but is inimical to modern political European expansion. It is a defense against imperialism.

But this is not all that the Monroe doctrine comprehends. It is not alone a declaration that schemes of aggrandizement by foreign nations on this continent will be resented; there is another and still more serious obligation it carries. It virtually prohibits European governments from effectually interfering to protect their respective subjects in an American republic. Consequently, we are morally responsible for the welfare of all nationals on this continent. As one writer has stated the Monroe doctrine cannot be pleaded in defense of a national attitude of the dog in the manger, which will neither act nor let others act. We are bound to police this side of the world or abandon the doctrine of America for the Americans.

Just now the Mexican revolutionists are striving to incite American intervention by committing outrages on American residents, by threatening loss of lives and destruction of property and by other aggravations that are hoped to induce the United States to step across the border. It is said that Orozco is responsible for the invitation to the Japanese to establish a "fishing station" at Magdalena bay which, later, might resolve itself into a fortification. President Polk in 1845 announced to the world that: "It is America's settled policy that no future European colony or dominion shall, without our consent, be planted or established on any part of the North American continent." This doctrine of ours, then, is a sentiment merely, and has no standing in international law, but it has been tentatively recognized and informally accepted by all the great world powers.

Darrow is reported to be greatly flushed by the scorching cross-examination of Deputy Prosecutor Ford. Who wouldn't warm up on such a gridiron?



## August Strindberg: "The Malevolent"---By Randolph Bartlett

"**N**OBODY loves anybody," declares August Strindberg, in effect, "so let's all go out and eat worms—preferably worms belonging to other persons, who do not want them eaten—but not 'in the garden,' for that suggests a certain pleasantness of environment; let the vermiferous feast be held in some miasmatic, fever-breeding, pestilential swamp, to the hideous wailing of those with whom the worms disagree."

It has become the fashion of late to speak of this prolific Swedish dramatist, novelist, essayist and scientist as the greatest of modern pessimists. Somehow, that term does not seem to fit. For the systematic pessimist one may entertain at least respect; Schopenhauer commands the intelligence of the keenest reasoners. But for Strindberg, if you think of his plays apart from himself, you feel only contempt—if you think of him in conjunction with his works you feel only pity. Contempt for the dynamic brain which was unable to raise itself out of the morass of human degradation; pity for the poor, cracked intellect which was unable to see beyond its own misfortunes and furnish a directing power to the huge mental machine gone wrong. The term "pessimism" does not contemplate such a mental condition as that of Strindberg, flinging himself—fang and claw upon the social body.

Rather is he a gargantuan specimen of the misanthrope. He is usually regarded simply as a hater of women, principally because his works best known in English are "The Father" and the short stories in the collection "Marriage." Those were merely his first trifling experiments in hatred, however, and having hated woman and found it good, he logically asks himself, "Why confine myself to one sex; how much more inspiring to hate the entire world." So he feverishly starts to work again, and in his later years fully atoned to the male portion of the race for having discriminated against it previously.

Of course, Strindberg was insane. Of his insanity the world heard almost before it had learned whether he wrote plays or the Swedish equivalent for ragtime. Apparently, he was a man with an intense capacity for whatever he put his hand to. In happy circumstances, physical giant that he was, he might merely have been a master carpenter, or, perhaps, if he had gone into the literary field, he would have outdone Bjornson as a writer of pleasant plays and stories. But unhappiness was his lot from the earliest years, and with his tremendous capacity, suffering became a mania. His gigantic ego thrilled and quivered with the intensity of pain, and he knew the universe was a horrible place. Schopenhauer's position, that all human actions have selfish motives, he reached at the first bound, and from that point of vantage he saw that, even if man had nothing to gain by evil actions, he would prefer such actions to the good, because he is naturally evil and venomous.

Strindberg's admirers are all found declaring that it is in his recognition of the claims of children that he is redeemed. Huneke says "In 'The Link' we reach a play revealing the better characteristics of the poet." So let us see these "better characteristics." "The Link" is a drama of the divorce court as it is found in Sweden, an institution of which Strindberg had reason to know considerable. A man and a woman are anxious to separate, but the question of the custody of the child is difficult to solve. In America we find the child acting frequently as a real link to draw together in bonds of affection, parents who have quarreled over lesser matters. Is this the morasses lurking, for it must be remembered that Strindberg view? Hardly! In his distorted vision the child is the sort of link that was used to tie the Kilkenny cats together, for mutual annihilation. Here is a bit from "The Link," a conversation in an intermission of the court session, after it has developed that the agreement of the couple to part and let the mother have custody of the child is about to fall through because the judge became inquisitive and discovered that both parents were alike offenders against marital laws:

**BARON.** Your absurd conceit, which makes you think yourself above all laws and above other human beings, has lured you into starting this fight, in which there can be only one loser: our son! What were you thinking of when you began this attack, which could not fail to provoke a defence? Not of the child, I am sure. But of revenge, I suppose? Revenge for what? For my discovery of your guilt?

**BARONESS.** The child? Were you thinking of the child when you dragged me in the mire before this rabble?

**BARON.** Helen!—Like wild beasts we have clawed each other bloody. We have laid our disgrace open to all these who take pleasure in our ruin, for in this room we have not a single friend. Our child will after this never be able to speak

of his parents as respectable people; he will not be able to start life with a recommendation from father and mother; he will see the home shunned, the old parents isolated and despised, and so the time must come when he will flee us!

\* \* \*

**BARONESS.** Your love was always material.

**BARON.** Material as everything spiritual, and spiritual as all that is material! My weakness for you, which gave strength to my feeling, made you believe yourself the stronger, when you were simply coarser, more ill-natured, and more unscrupulous than I.

**BARONESS.** You the stronger? You, who never want the same thing two minutes in a stretch! You, who as a rule never know what you want!

**BARON.** Yes, I know perfectly well what I want, but there is room in me for both love and hatred, and while I love you one minute, I hate you the next. And just now I hate you!

**BARONESS.** Are you now thinking of the child also?

**BARON.** Yes, now and always! And do you know why? Because he is our love that has taken flesh. He is the memory of our beautiful hours, the link that unites our souls, the common ground where we must ever meet without wishing to do so. And that is why we shall never be able to part, even if our separation be declared—Oh, if I could only hate you as I want to!

This is indeed an exalted conception of the parental relationship! Yet it is typical of Strindberg. It is no mere pessimism which conceives such a situation, but malevolence and malignant misanthropy. And "The Link," Huneke assures us, is Strindberg's "at his human best."

Possibly, however, Strindberg should not be judged by "The Link" for the other Strindberg devotee, Edwin Bjorkman, who has furnished the excellent, authorized translations, remarks "Numerous critics have declared 'The Dance of Death' his greatest play, and there is much in the work to warrant such a judgment." Let us, then, see what are the elements of greatness in "The Dance of Death." An army captain and his wife have lived a cat-and-dog life for twenty-five years, from no visible original cause of strife. The wife's cousin is sent to the army post to open a quarantine station and pays them a visit. He learns that the couple are isolated and ostracized, socially and professionally, and the following conversation ensues between Curt, the cousin, Alice, the wife, and Edgar, the captain:

**CURT.** Is it not dreadful to be among a lot of enemies as you are?

**ALICE.** It is not pleasant.

**CAPTAIN.** It isn't dreadful at all. I have never had anything but enemies all my life, and they have helped me on instead of doing me harm. And when my time to die comes, I may say that I owe nothing to anybody, and that I have never got a thing for nothing. Every particle of what I own I have had to fight for.

**ALICE.** Yes, Edgar's path has not been strewn with roses—

**CAPTAIN.** No, with thorns and stones—pieces of flint—but a man's own strength: do you know what that means?

**CURT.** (Simply) Yes, I learned to recognize its inefficiency about ten years ago.

**CAPTAIN.** Then you are no good!

**ALICE.** Edgar!

**CAPTAIN.** He is no good, I say, if he does not have the strength within himself. Of course, it is true that when the mechanism goes to pieces there is nothing left but a barrowful to chuck out on the garden beds: but as long as the mechanism holds together the thing to do is kick and fight, with hands and feet, until there is nothing left. That is my philosophy.

So he goes on kicking and fighting, hating right and left, conceiving an intense dislike for the cousin even after the latter has sat up all night with him through a sort of paralytic stroke. In short, he becomes a sort of vampire, as is indicated by a conversation between the wife and her cousin:

**ALICE.** (At the window.) He has unbuttoned his coat and lets the wind strike his chest. Now he wants to die!

**CURT.** That is not what he wants, I think, for a while ago, when he felt his life slipping away, he grabbed hold of mine and began to stir in my affairs as if he wanted to crawl into me and live my life.

**ALICE.** That is just his vampire nature—to interfere with other people's destinies, to suck interest out of other existences, to regulate and arrange the doing of others, since he can find no interest whatever in his own life.

Following out this hint of his character, the captain does busy himself with Curt's affairs, and takes a trip to the city, following which occurs this scene:

**ALICE (To Curt)** Don't say a word, but let him begin—then he will show his cards.

**CAPTAIN (To Alice)** Did you say anything?

**ALICE.** No, not a word.

**CAPTAIN (Dragging on the words)** Well, Curt!

**ALICE (To Curt).** There—now he is coming out.

**CAPTAIN.** Well, I went to the city as you know. (Curt nods.) Mm-mm, I picked up acquaintances—and among others—a young cadet (dragging) in the artillery. (Pause during which Curt shows some agitation.) As—we are in need of cadets right here, I arranged with the Colonel to let him come here. This ought to please you, especially when I inform you that—he is—your own son!

**ALICE (To Curt)** The vampire—don't you see?

**CURT.** Under ordinary circumstances that ought to please a father, but in my case it will be merely painful.

**CAPTAIN.** I don't see why it should!

**CURT.** You don't need to—it is enough that I don't want it.

**CAPTAIN.** Oh, you think so? Well, then, you ought to know that the young man has been ordered to report here, and that from now on he has to obey me.

So the play goes on, the vampire undermining Curt professionally, succeeding in robbing him of his money, and only dying when he has wrung his victim dry. The essence of the play is that the captain was on the verge of death when Curt arrived, but continued to live so long as he had the ruin of the other to feed his insatiable hatred. This is his "Dance of Death." Pretty little idea, isn't it? In the words of Huneke again, "Poe is a child compared to Strindberg in the analysis of morbid states of soul."

However, there is another side to this literary monster—the purely symbolic, as demonstrated in "The Dream Play." In this the daughter of Indra, the chief deity of the middle kingdom, the air, comes to earth to learn of the conditions in which mortals live. The play consists of a series of more or less disconnected incidents, in which, as previously mentioned, the characters are in a constant state of flux. It is really just about what one might dream, with its half-recurrences and entire freedom from mere rules of possibility. Scene melts into scene just when you expect something definite to transpire, the only character remaining consistent being that of the daughter of Indra herself, who, in effect, takes the place of the person who is dreaming. The burden of the play is "Men are to be pitied," which Miss Indra keeps repeating like a soloist from a Greek chorus. As for the subject matter itself, it is simply symbolism gone mad. It is confessedly a product of Maeterlinck's shadow falling across Strindberg's pathway late in life (1902). It is not illuminative, as symbolism is not needed to show the relative values of such simple elements as enter into the Strindberg composition. But let us not pass "The Dream Play" without a kindly word, for, despite the fact that the author is consistent in his pictures of misery, in few works of this eccentric is there to be found such another hint of hope as in the farewell words of the daughter of the gods, speaking to the poet:

Farewell! To all thy fellow-men make known  
That where I go I shall forget them not;  
And in thy name their grievance shall be placed  
Before the throne. Farewell!

To encounter such a Browning flash of optimism in these literary catacombs is little less than a physical shock.

Such, then, is Strindberg. Of late, he has become something of a fad in this country. The lure of his work cannot be denied, once he is properly catalogued, and you know what to expect. But to take up a volume of his plays or stories unwarned is to receive a blow in the face from a cold and clammy hand. In one respect he is marvelous; in all his clashes between the sexes, the sensual is minimized. He goes to the psychological basis of the aberration, the physical manifestation being little more than an index.

Technically, Strindberg is the modern of the moderns. His form is as near perfect as we can see at the present time. As dramatic studies his plays are inimitable, for he has an unerring instinct for the clash that makes the drama. This is incessant in every scene—the conflict never ends. As pure drama it has no parallel in the world, but the art is irremediably marred by the distorted view of life. No student of the modern drama can afford to neglect him, but one volume is a great plenty.

In America there is little hope of any popularity for this addlepate, aside from a temporary fad, or from the needs of the students, but if Los Angeles ever should have that little theater of which we hear so much from time to time, a few of the Strindberg "Einakters" would make excellent antidotes for those merry farces of his Norwegian contemporary, Henrik Ibsen.



## PARIS CANALS IN HEART OF THE SLUMS

IT IS CURIOUS to find a canal in the exact center of crowded Paris, yet here it is and the number of boats on it show its importance and usefulness. Paris is the most important mercantile port of France. It sounds foolish to say so, since Paris is miles and miles from the sea, yet so it is, and we have Baedeker's word for it. Baedeker says: "Paris is the chief mercantile port of France. More than 18,000 craft descend the river annually from Paris, and more than 23,000 ascend it; and about seven million tons of goods (valued at \$140,000,000) are entered and cleared via the river. This water-borne merchandise consists principally of building materials, wine, forage, manures, grain, flour, spirits, and coal."

It is rather difficult for an American to understand or sympathize with this inland boating. Rightly or wrongly, we get an idea that our American canals are being abandoned, that the railroads are taking all the business, that there is a well-defined objection to the use of rivers and canals for shipping. I must acknowledge that, although I am sure this is a fact, I cannot remember where or when I learned it, or to what section or sections of the country it applies.

But, whatever the truth may be about America, the canals and rivers in France are certainly a success. Improvement on them is going on all the times, new wharves, quays, cranes and elevators are constantly being built, and to the mere casual observer the shipping becomes ever more interesting. Of course, most of this, here in Paris, is on the Seine. There, any day and any time of day you may see strings of boats being pulled up or down by tugs, and lines of barges along both banks being loaded or unloaded—and there is always an audience. The Parisian, (and I do not think that he differs much from other people in this regard), always seems to have time to stop and gape and gaze at anything that chances to be happening. An endless attraction seems to be the swinging cranes which unload the sand-boats. And the skill of the man who handles the levers which control this huge machine is truly worthy of admiration.

He stands inside in his little iron horse close to his engine and seems able to take care of the whole operation without assistance. The great iron arm swings around and stops over the sand-boat, down goes the big open bucket with a swoop and its two lips cut their way deep into the pliant sand. Then, with a great escape of steam, the chain is slowly drawn in. The bucket closes up full to the brim. The chain is drawn still higher and the bucket rises clear of the boat. Then the arm swings around and, at a certain point, the trigger is pulled, the bucket opens and a stream of sand pours down on the top of the great pile beside which stand carts which haul it away. And on the quay alongside, or on the nearby bridge, stands the endless crowd of onlookers. They are as changing as the sand-pile,—(though they are not loaded from a boat nor drawn away in carts),—they come and go intermittently, but the size of the aggregate never seems to diminish.

And, indeed, it is hard to blame these people, for there is nothing more interesting than a walk along the river-bank or a ride on the little river steam-boats that ply constantly up and down from one end of Paris to the other. But that is a common view. Almost every visitor to Paris tries the boat, (especially if he comes from California where rivers are few and far between). But the Canal St. Denis, the Canal St. Martin, the Canal de l'Ourcq and the Bassin de la Villette are attractions which you are likely to come across purely by accident; interesting features of the city of which you may not even suspect the existence until you find them in your path.

The attraction of such a discovery is certainly heightened by the fact that these canals are in the heart of what I like to call the interesting Paris slums. Interesting, because, though slums they certainly now are, there are evidences here and there that there was once a time when these self-same houses were inhabited by the fashion of old Paris. The average slum is nothing but an endless mass of squalid tenements without break or relief of any kind. But here a careful examination of the house fronts show plainly enough that these houses were not built by a skimping landlord with the idea of housing as many people as possible with the least possible outlay. On the contrary, there is much solidity, good stone, fine carving, large courts, old-style wide doors and high windows. Not that all this does the present occupants any good, for the larger the rooms are the more people have to crowd into them, and the higher the windows and the larger the doors the more cold gets in winter days when coal is not to be had for the asking. It reminds me of a certain literary friend of mine who took a most uncomfortable room in an equally uncomfortable house "because it had a fourteenth cen-

tury facade!" And he stayed in it all of two winters,—until the doctor ordered him south to recover from the effects of it.

And I do not suppose the fact that the windows of these squalid remnants of a glorious past look out on a shallow and dirty canal, a canal without the least sign of current, is exactly an additional attraction to those who have to live there. This canal is shallow and weed-grown. It is spanned by frequent bridges, some of them draw-bridges and others built in a high arch with steps up each side. I do not clearly understand why they should be made so very high, for the boats have masts and funnels which fold down so as to pass the lowest of spans. But there they are, and a tiresome business is must be for people with loads on their backs to get over them. There are a good many such, and especially, as usual in Paris, a good many women with heavy burdens on their backs or heads.

I stood there on the top of one of these bridges for a time watching the traffic of the canal and, no less interesting, the people all about it. There was a fisherman,—there is always a fisherman on every little bit of water in France. I have never seen one of them catch a fish. O, yes, I have, too! The other day I was going up the river near Charenton with a friend and I was just beginning to make this statement, very positive, that they never caught a fish, when, lo, and behold, one of them got a real bite and landed his prize. It was two inches and a half long, or, perhaps, three inches,—(by the time he got to the café to tell his friends about it no doubt it was six inches long, and next year it will weigh five pounds at least).

But there is good evidence that the Paris fisherman is the greatest of optimists. That canal over which I stood on that particular rainy day not long ago was certainly not more than two feet deep. The water was clear and you could see the bottom. Also, if there had been any fish swimming about in it you could certainly have seen them. In such a shallow place I think you could almost see a tadpole. But the complete absence of fish did not seem to bother the fisherman in the least. He was very busy with his occupation. Very busy indeed jerking at imaginary bites. Drawing up his line every now and then and carefully examining every portion of it, probably to see if a fish had not attached itself by mistake.

I soon tired of watching the fisherman and turned my attention to the boats. A little farther up the canal was a large wharf surmounted by a spacious warehouse, and there boats were unloading or being drawn slowly down the length of the stream. The unloading as it is here done is a slow process. Sacks are brought up out of the boats either on a man's back or balanced on his shoulder. Many of these sacks seemed to be filled with cement, and it was painful to me to see how the men had to breathe this impalpable white powder, said to be a strong poison and destructive to the health of the worker. How must it be down in the bottom of these deep, iron boats on hot, sunny days, with no protection whatever and smothered in an endless cloud of this dreadful dust? Strong men they must be to stand it at all, and indeed the appearance of their bare arms and bodies, the strong muscles and firm flesh, are proof enough of this strength. I have spoken of this before, and of the astonishment I always feel to see these men indulging constantly in wine or liquor. These cement workers are no exception to the rule. While I am watching them they knock off work and betake themselves, as gay as school-boys, with much laughter and coarse gibes, to the neighboring cabaret. Warm as they are they seat themselves at tables in the open air barely protected from the light drizzle. One of them orders wine and divides it equally among all the glasses. It is drunk up in a single swallow and more is ordered.

I leave them as having no further interest for me and wander on up, (or down), the canal. It turns a corner and changes its name, and farther on broadens out into a large basin which is just now full of boats. I am told that these canals cut off a great bend in the river and save many miles of travel for boats coming from the east and north of France. There is also a cut-off several miles in length which permits boats to pass the city from the upper to the lower Seine without taking all of the wide bends that make the river route so long. I believe in the old times these canals also connected with the Seine near the Island of the Cité, but this has now disappeared.

But, after all, it was business that brought me up into this end of the town and I must go and attend to it.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, July 16, 1912.

Friends of the Santa Fe sincerely hope that the rumored retirement of President E. P. Ripley is unfounded. Doubtless, Mr. Mudge is an excellent official, but we are willing to let the Rock Island retain his services if Southern California can hang on to the Ripley coattails.

## WEEPY MELODRAMA IN NEW YORK

"THE Factory Girl" is a thriller. It is from the pen of that well-known writer and producer of thrillers, Charles Blancy, who knows better than anybody how to put on the melodramatic touch that holds the rank and file spellbound while the villain conspires against the sad-faced heroine and the noble-hearted hero passes through the ordeal of danger and approach to death for her sake. Mr. Hartman, owner of an aluminum factory, has two sons, Tom and Rodger, the one a pattern of virtue, the other all that is bad. Tom, the hero, called a son of toil, is foreman; Rodger is in the office. Rodger is in the toils of Sallie French, forewoman at the factory. She is a schemer and between them they mean to annex all visible property. Tom loves Carrie Graham, the factory girl. Rodger hates her because he has not been able to work his will with her. One day, at the noon hour, Carrie takes Tom to see another factory girl who is ill. Rodger sees them and determines to use the information to set his father against Tom. Carrie arrives late and hangs her hat and coat in the office (which a factory girl would be so likely to do.) Rodger demands the reason for her tardiness, and when she tells the truth about her sick friend he accuses her of having illegitimate relations with Tom.

\* \* \*

Rodger makes advances to her on his own account and is repulsed. It is then clear why she has incurred his enmity. Mr. Hartman and the forewoman are called and it is about to go hard with the girl when Tom appears. He is foreman and the girl's excuses shall be made to him and him alone. Rodger and Sallie French are so incensed that they determine to work her undoing at once. Rodger has made out the pay envelopes. Sallie takes three of these and secretes them in Carrie's coat which is hanging conveniently near. Rodger telephones for an officer and the scheme promises to work, but, fortunately for Carrie, Charles Wilde, an insurance agent, a good fellow when you know him, has been behind a screen. He gently removes the envelopes from Carrie's pocket and puts them in his own. The hands come in for their pay. The theft is made known, and Carrie, protesting innocence, with Tom swearing eternal love is taken off to jail. In the second act she is in a cell in the Newark county jail. Her friends and enemies call on her, amid spontaneous cries of joy and hisses from the audience. Rodger to keep out of Tom's way is hidden in a cell. Charles Wilde, gloriously drunk, is put for safekeeping in the same cell. He comes to himself long enough to remember that he owes Rodger several scores from his old college days. He manages to escape in Rodgers' hat and coat, leaving Rodger prone upon the floor to get out as best he can.

\* \* \*

In the third act the trial takes place. In spite of Tom's plea for Carrie and his offer in open court to marry her the evidence presented by Rodger and Sallie moves the judge to convict and sentence her. Before he can pronounce sentence Charles Wilde appears, produces the envelopes and takes the guilt upon himself. It would have been simpler for him to place the guilt where it belonged, but the play would have ended and that would have been a pity for in the fourth act is presented the great sensational and thrilling hammer scene. The interior of the factory is shown with the gigantic trip hammer at work. It is shut down for the night, but Tom is staying late. Rodger and Sallie have determined that it is time to act. Urged by Sallie, Rodger decides to steal his father's will that leaves the bulk of his fortune to Tom and to kill any one who disturbs him. He engages Bill Turner, a drunken factory hand, to start the machinery at a signal. Tom appears. Rodger overpowers him and throws him unconscious upon the huge belt. Mr. Hartman rushes in, sees the prostrate form. As he tries to pull Tom off Rodger grapples with him and his head is thrown against an electric switchboard. There is a blinding flash and Mr. Hartman falls dead. The signal is given and the belt moves, carrying Tom's head toward the pounding hammer. In a minute he will be crushed and Rodger, with a merry ha ha, leaves the factory. Carrie rushes in from the office. Her way is blocked by an iron grating, but given strength by the sight of her lover's danger, she catches up a frail stool, deals the grating a mighty blow and the iron gives way. She rushes to Tom and pulls his unconscious form to the floor just in time to save his life.

\* \* \*

In the last act Carrie and Tom are shown happily married at their home in the suburbs of Newark. Broken and ill, Rodger comes asking forgiveness. He had fled to Paris with Sallie French and all the money he could lay hands upon. Sallie has used him badly and finally deserted him. The police in the pay of Charles Wilde are after him. Tom and Carrie take the repentant brother to their hearts. He is hidden in an inner room as Wilde and the de-



tective appears. At Tom's prayer Wilde determines to save him from the detective who, because of the reward put on Rodger's head, will not be called off. By use of the old device of story telling he holds the detective's attention while Tom, following the advice held in the story, spirits Rodger through the room to a sleigh outside. And all ends happily amid the tears of the audience.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, July 27.

#### GRAPHITES

Gertrude Atherton has administered a tongue-lashing to her San Francisco sisters, who, she says, have been petted and spoiled until they have ceased to take an interest in public questions, but are like a lot of oysters, without mental alertness. In vivid contrast are the women of Los Angeles, Berkeley, Oakland and other California cities, she declares, who are keen for civic studies and intelligent in their discussion of live topics. We decline to take sides in this painful issue, but respectfully refer the entire subject to the California Club of San Francisco which is a fairly live women's club.

When Judge Hanford resigned we said that it was probably done to avoid an exposure that would implicate higher-ups. This is Mr. Bryan's view as expressed in his Commoner this week. He agrees that Hanford has suffered sufficient disgrace, but if further inquiry is thought necessary there should be no turning back.

Public Prosecutor Whitman appears to be the right man in the right place in the New York police scandals that have shaken the country's metropolis from center to circumference. He is as relentless as a Greek chorus.

Gov. Johnson says he will continue to reprieve murderers so long as there is a chance of getting the anti-capital punishment bill before the people. There remain about ten days in which to file the petition. We shall see if he will continue to make a mockery of the law after August 7.

Look out for the renunciation of our Hiram at Chicago. Senator Dixon, manager of Roosevelt's campaign, says that a southern progressive will be named for the "bull-moose" vice presidency.

Standpat Senator Lodge has hastened to the rescue of the sugar tariff revision bill. He would maintain the tax although evidence is ample that the trust needs no pap. The late Claus Spreckels made affidavit to that effect several years ago.

New York's police "squealers" are shivering in their boots and with good reason. An informant met his coup de grace in his own cafe for betraying one of the Rosenthal slayers to the authorities. It begins to look as if Seth Low's old vigilance committee will have to be resuscitated and put into commission.

Report that Japan is manufacturing three new Dreadnaughts must be received with caution. Congress has turned down the recommendation to build two new ones and the steel trust is looking for additional arguments to effect a change of front.

When sugar barons get to quarreling the public may have opportunity of finding out to what extent it has been mulcted in order to sweeten the trust's treasury.

Resignation of Judge Dillon as the Taft candidate for governor of Ohio has disrupted the regulars in the Buckeye state. It is only another nail in the Taft political coffin.

Yoshihito, Japan's new emperor, is more progressive in one regard than his august father. He confines himself to one wife. Mutsuhito's empress was barren and by one of the Mikado's twelve assistant wives the new ruler was brought into being. Yoshihito is the father of three boys.

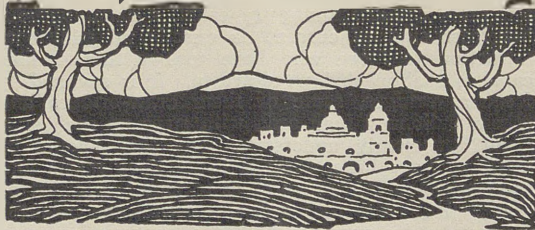
Owing to the difference in time the Mikado died Tuesday morning, but the space annihilating dispatches notified America the day previous, so to say.

We might suggest to those fellow citizens of the late President McKinley at Niles, Ohio, who are raising funds for a memorial to the martyred President that they erect a gold standard, having sixteen silver panels in the base.

Truely, Juarez hell! The American colonists compelled to leave the rebel stronghold in Mexico or remain and take up arms against Madero are arriving in squads at El Paso, in many instances with only a few personal belongings.

Let the United States hang its diminished head in shame! Munich's average per capita consumption of beer last year was 70½ gallons, while the best this country could do in that time was only 21 gallons. Munich's beer thirst hops ahead of all other municipalities.

## By the Way



#### Big-Hearted Miss Mollie

Miss Mollie Adelia Brown, as her numerous friends well know, has a big heart and is never so happy as when she is giving a helping hand to hard working youngsters who are ambitious to succeed in life. I am told that she has a dozen or more proteges in Los Angeles who owe their start in the business world to her kindly interest. Her latest find is a chubby-faced German lad who was a bellboy in the New York hotel where she was a guest a few months ago. Conrad learned that Miss Mollie was from Los Angeles and one day confided to her that he was awful anxious to go to California.

"What for?" queried Mollie Adelia, to draw him out.

"O, my mutter has sudtch pad luck with her husbands. I would help her get shudt of them," he naively admitted.

Mollie Adelia was sympathetic at once and the boy told her how his own father had drunk himself to death, and the mother marrying again had drawn a still worse prize in the matrimonial lottery. "If I go to California," said Conrad, "without moving a facial muscle, 'I'll soon send for my mutter and den she'll joomp der old man.'"

He was promised a position. When he told his friends about it they laughed at him and wanted to know how he knew she'd "come through."

"Dose Western folks always does," declared Conrad stoutly. "Dey means what dey says," and he was not to be shaken in his conviction. When Miss Brown left New York she gave the trusting bellboy her address and told him to report to her July 4 and that she would have a place for him. When she arrived in Los Angeles she lost no time in enlisting the aid of her many friends for Conrad and soon had the promise of a position. At eight in the morning of July 4, she was called to the front door. There stood Conrad, with a broad smile suffusing his honest face.

"I've coomb," was all he said, as he tugged at a stray lock of hair.

His benefactress had him at work next day. He is as happy as a tinker and in a few weeks hopes to have saved enough to send for "mutter." Heaven bless Mollie Adelia!

#### Center Shot by Lummis

Charley Lummis scored neatly on the clever East Aurora faker recently. Lippincott's "Question and Answer" department for August reveals how in this wise:

When the fishing at East Aurora began to fall off, and it way a long time between bites at ten dollars per Immortality, and it became necessary to spit on the hook personally, the following ensued:

EAST AURORA. Dear Mr. Lummis: Nearly every one worth while has joined the ranks of our Immortals; but I observe that your name is not on the list. Is this an oversight? Yours truly,

ELBERT HUBBARD.

LOS ANGELES. Dear Mr. Hubbard: No—just insight. Yours truly,

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

By the eternal, a clean bullseye!

#### College Men in Demand

That oft quoted theory of Horace Greeley that a college bred man is a useless appendage around a newspaper office has evidently been rejected by Los Angeles newspaper editors, for as fast as the colleges turn out their graduates the editors are grabbing the best of them for newspaper work. Stanford men at present seem the most popular with the local journals, although a few California men have been placed, and the southern colleges are well represented. This summer has seen several men fresh from college join the ranks of local newspapermen and most of them are making good. Edmund W. Pugh of Stanford has been made amateur sport editor of the Times, and Hiram Fisk, who won literary honors at the same college, is now devoting his talents to a prosaic federal run for the Otis publication. Gordon Gassoway, another Stanford man, has joined the staff of the Evening Herald, while the Express has added to its force Clarence Fleming, a cardinal would-be journalist. The Tribune has placed its sports in charge of John M. Clayton, an Occidental

man, while others from the Presbyterian college who have made a hit in sport writing are Owen Bird, editor of the Times Pink, and Archie Reeve, assistant sporting editor of the Examiner. E. V. Weller, who claims both U. S. C. and Occidental as alma maters, is star copy reader and headliner on the Examiner. John J. Hill, a Stanford man, is in charge of the city hall detail for the Record. The Municipal News has paid its tribute to college bred journalists by selecting Robert Rinehart, a Princeton man, as its executive head. Harry Hammond Beall of Stanford's '12 class is automobile editor and business manager of The Graphic.

#### Realty Board's Awful Fate

Charley Seyler was in such a gloomily reflective mood the other day at the club that his friends rallied him on his melancholy looks and demanded an explanation. "I was thinking," admitted the abstracted Charles, "what a terrible blow it would be to Los Angeles, what an irreparable disaster to our realty interests were the steamer Harvard, chartered by the Los Angeles Realty Board for its annual outing at San Diego next week, and having as passengers all the wits and bright lights of the board from Charley Andrews, Billy Garland, Will Mines, Bol Rowan, Lute Bradford, Harry Callender, Gilbert Wright, Alex MacKeigan, Oscar Farish, Harry Holabird—here Charles paused for breath. "What?" gasped several of his listeners. "To go down with all on board," signed Charles, whereat his auditors surreptitiously wiped their eyes and retreated toward the billiard room.

#### Dr. Ferbert's Enjoyable Outing

Dr. John C. Ferbert has been trying his fishing luck in the Yellowstone Park region and reports a fine experience. He writes that the park is having a record-breaking run of tourists, with the weather all that could be desired. He is heading back home by way of the Canadian Pacific, as a card from Banff indicates. His trip through the Kootenay lakes has proved a delightful outing. He writes, "Good scenery, the service on the boats the best since leaving the club." From Banff he will go to Lake Louise, thence by easy stages home.

#### Can You Beat This?

Courses in English composition at Stanford University are unusually effective, and well worth investigating, according to an opinion formed recently by Bruce Bliven, publicity manager for Harris and Frank. And he has good grounds upon which to base his opinion. Several years ago Bliven entered Stanford as a freshman and was required to take a course in English composition as are all freshmen. Bliven was not greatly interested in the course and believed in getting his credits with the minimum of exertion. A part of the work demanded the writing of short bits of fiction. One morning Bliven looked at his Ingersoll and saw that it was a quarter to ten and at ten fifteen his class in composition met and a fiction theme was due. He sat down and dashed off one in the remaining half hour. It was passed by the vigilant instructor and returned to Bliven with his approval. It was then consigned to a trunk with a lot of other papers. Two weeks ago Bliven dug it out of its resting place, and without stopping to type it stuck it in an envelope and mailed it to Harper's. Nine days later a check and letter of acceptance arrived. At present Bliven is putting in his spare time searching among his archives for other freshman themes.

#### Old Friend at Coronado

Los Angeles friends of John J. Hernan, the well known hotel man, will be glad to learn that he has assumed the duties of manager of the Hotel del Coronado, succeeding H. W. Wills, who leaves for England this month. Mr. Hernan was connected with the hotel under Mr. Ross for several years before going to the Palace Hotel in San Francisco and thence to Kansas City, Mo., to assume the management of one of the big hostleries. He is a man of strong and charming personality, that has won him popularity and success in every hotel with which he has been connected. That he has been called upon to take up the duties of managing the world-famous Hotel del Coronado speaks highly of his ability and achievements in the hotel world.

#### No Clew to Huntington's Plans

With the completion of the new tax budget, it is apparent that the city will expend more money in 1913 than ever before. An item of \$25,000 has been provided for a physical valuation of the property of the Los Angeles Railway Company, although municipal ownership advocates have overlooked other public utilities. Property owners along Main street below Tenth are wondering whether Henry E. Huntington will complete his proposed Childs property skyscraper, or whether he has abandoned the project. It is said that Mr. Huntington, who is still in the



city, will not discuss the subject. Howard Huntington is at Lake Tahoe, rusticated with other Los Angelans. He is almost himself again, but his father insists that he remain away from the office for a spell longer. Howard is getting restless, however, and will get into the harness as soon as his physician permits.

#### National Guard Manoeuvres

August 10 to 23 has been selected for the field operations of the Seventh Regiment N. G. C., a majority of whose membership is in Los Angeles. Guard manoeuvres are to take place at the Presidio, San Francisco, and the militiamen are to receive real military training. More than 20,000 troops will participate, regiments coming in from Utah and Arizona. It will be an imposing spectacle and scores of Los Angelans are going north for the occasion. General Robert Wankowski, brigade commander of the California National Guard, will be in command of the state troops. About 14,000 regulars are to be ordered to the scene. Special excursion scenes will be run by the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific roads.

#### Standard to Double Capital

California's Standard Oil Company, which was forced to attend to its own affairs independently through a ruling of the United States supreme court, is about to double its capital, which at this time is \$12,500,000. It is said that the favored few have been given a tip to secure part of the shares that will soon be placed on the market. I hear that only the elect are to be permitted the privilege of subscribing, and there appear to be anxiety among certain banking and financial influences to benefit. Several capitalists of my acquaintance have been selling collateral this week in order to have cash funds ready for the Standard stock.

#### San Diego May Tempt Earl

From San Diego comes word that the city is divided over a proposed bond issue for the expected acquisition of the Spreckels water plant. The amount to be voted is \$4,000,000, a pretty good sum considering that Los Angeles acquired the water system here eleven years ago for \$2,100,000, with a population of 125,000, although, it is true, the city owned all the water rights. The two larger newspapers of San Diego are owned by John D. Spreckels, and there is complaint by the people that they are hearing but one side of the argument. It is intimated that Los Angeles influences may be induced to give them the other side, and it will not surprise me if a certain publisher here who controls both a morning and evening daily enters the newspaper field in San Diego. Once before such an idea was contemplated, but was given up for the time.

#### Shriners Have Big Hearts

One more Al Malaikah Temple has blossomed out with a laudable notion which is to be made an annual custom. The Los Angeles shrine is to give a beach outing September 7 to the poor women and children of the city. Heretofore, it has been a practice to send the city's orphans to the seashore for a day, but this year it has been decided by certain Shriners to give a beach party that will include all of the poor women and children in town. Sterling S. Booth, who never shirks such duties, is chairman of arrangements, and others of the Arab Legion of Honor will assist.

#### Express and Herald Tussle

By importing E. R. Lillie, a well-equipped eastern newspaper man, who comes here direct from the Cleveland Plain Dealer, Publisher Earl has made the latest move in the war between the Express and the Evening Herald for the supremacy of the afternoon paper field of Los Angeles. For the last few months owner Earl has been worried by the inroads the Evening Herald has been making upon the prestige and finances of his twilight sheet. The Hearst afternoon paper is credited with slipping it over on the Earl publication both in news scoops and in circulation so the effect has been felt at the business office. Mr. Earl has been threatening to start a general shakeup if matters did not improve. Whether the selection of Lillie as managing editor is the beginning of a journalistic earthquake around the Express office is not divulged, but it is believed that such is the case, and that several of the pensioners who have been on the payroll since the aqueduct was begun may be looking for new jobs before long. Harley Brundige, however, will retain the title of managing editor, and C. S. Yost is to remain as assistant managing editor. In fact, the Express seems at present to be unusually strong on editors and a trifle wobbly and weak on reporters. Besides Messrs. Brundige and Yost there is a city editor, assistant city editor, make-up man, news editor, telegraph editor, two editorial writers, a country editor, and a political editor, all of whom are supposed to have purely office jobs. The newsies are enjoying

this paper war to the full, as both sheets are trying to curry favor in order to get them to push their respective editions. One day the Evening Herald will corral the lads for a joy ride in their auto trucks, and the Express will retaliate the next afternoon with an ice cream feed or watermelon "bust." So far as the news end is concerned the Herald office is taking matters calmly and has allowed its local staff to be cut down temporarily by voluntarily giving vacations of two weeks to its reporters and copy readers.

#### Advanced on His Merits

Everybody who knows Paul Shoup rejoices in his promotion as the head of the Pacific Electric Railway. A real Southern Californian, Paul has proved his merits at every turn and he has been called upon to settle many delicate questions. I can safely say that a man of smaller caliber would have utterly failed to have satisfied his principals on one side and the public on the other. Paul Shoup has been confronted with problems that were not easy of solution, yet at no time has he lost his poise, but has met each new situation that arose with patience and ability, until today his company stands better with the public than ever before. Like Epes Randolph, the founder of the Pacific Electric system, Mr. Shoup has a genius for management. Both men are of a rare type, combining personal magnetism with brains and a capacity to do the really big things.

#### Leo's Natural Transition

Leo V. Youngworth, United States marshal for Southern California, is to begin the practice of law soon, having passed the necessary examination. Judge Olin Wellborn paid him an exceptional compliment when he stated from the bench that he was more than pleased to be able to waive the usual requirement as to moral character. Leo is one of the most popular of the younger men in the city and is sure to prosper in his chosen profession.

#### Illness of Noted Democrat

Max Popper, one of the most distinguished Democrats in the state, who is as well known in Los Angeles as he is in San Francisco, is reported seriously ill in Reno. He is the owner of property here and comes down often to give it his attention. He had intended taking a part in the presidential campaign, but his sickness threatens to interfere with such a plan.

#### Why Oil Stock Is Firmer

Union Oil touched par this week for the first time in nearly a year and there has been inquiry among investors and others as to the reason. From what can be learned, it appears that there is to be an increase in the price of refined petroleum products in this market, and the consumers of crude oil are to be compelled to pay at least five and possibly ten cents more a barrel for the commodity after September 1. With such a condition, it is said that the Union's income will be augmented at least \$2,000,000 a year. If these reports are trustworthy several of the meritorious petroleum shares traded in here should be due for a substantial advance.

#### Democrats Without a Local Organ

Los Angeles Democrats are to be without a newspaper organ in the presidential campaign, since William R. Hearst has withdrawn his support of Woodrow Wilson in a signed interview from Paris, printed in the East. The alleged reason for the repudiation is that the Democratic representatives have declined to endorse the bill for additional battleships. Hearst roundly berates the party leaders for being un-American, calls the party unsafe, and makes many similar observations. While the Hearst paper may not be popular in certain quarters in the next three months, I do not believe that a Democratic paper will be launched, as it is not probable that funds will be forthcoming for such a purpose. The nearest recourse is the Pasadena Daily News, which is strong for Wilson.

#### El Paso Loses Juntaships

According to those on the inside, Los Angeles is to succeed El Paso as the organizing center for all of the various factions that are warring in Mexico. Secret agencies or juntas have been established here by the Magonistas, the Maderistas, the De La Barra or Diaz faction, and the Orozco party, and all four are actively engaged in furthering the interests of their principals in Mexico. The shift from El Paso to Los Angeles as the seat of operations is said to be due to Orozco's continual contention for a port on the west coast of Mexico. An "underground railway" similar to that by which slaves were shipped out of the south during the civil war is said to be in process of preparation by the various juntas, by which arms and ammunition can be shipped to the revolutionists. Almost every Krag-Jorgensen rifle in Los Angeles has been bought up, as this is the

most popular make of rifle with all types of Mexican revolutionists, and it is said are being smuggled out through San Pedro harbor. United States secret service men have been warned to keep a close watch there and revenue cutters and launches are to be ordered to patrol the coast between here and Mexico. Orozco's agents are alleged to be particularly busy. The revolutionists are reported to be planning to extend their headquarters north as far as San Luis Obispo if the officers in Los Angeles make it too hot for them. Unprejudiced observers who have come from Mexico say that the revolution will keep up so long as the four parties are at war with one another. The only remedy they can see is for the Diaz and Madero factions, which represent the lawful interests of Mexico, to join hands in suppressing the Magonistas and followers of Orozco, who are principally socialists and near-anarchists. At present, however, both the Diaz and Madero followers are lying low, hoping that one branch of the red flag element will wipe out the other and give them a chance to step in with a decisive blow.

#### Normal School Site Unsold

There was no sale of the Normal school site— which result was not unexpected. Evidently, there are to be no bidders unless the banking interests of the city arrange to finance the deal, for the reason that the ordinary person is in no position to find the sum needed to swing the transaction. President Company was ready with his certified check for half a million, but had no chance to offer it. Trustee E. T. Earl was mistaken when he stated last Tuesday that because of a business depression that existed at the time, the upset price was placed at \$500,000 by the legislature. That price was fixed because certain northern assemblymen claimed that no larger amount could ever be obtained, and even sneered when they officially appraised the property at the half million figure. It was Assemblyman Stanton, than whom there are few better informed realty dealers here, who succeeded in getting the \$500,000 figure. The only way to change the law will be to have it amended next winter. By that time the ground may be worth \$100,000 more than is asked for it now. As I recall the facts, the property cost the city less than \$10,000, and when it was taken over by the state there was talk of graft and wide objection that the school was being placed out of town where no one could reach it and that the state was about to make a bad investment. Will Mines had an option on the property for \$500,000 but the panic of 1907 interfered with his plans.

#### Octogenarian on His Travels

Judge H. A. Pierce, known as the "marrying justice," who is close to four score, has left for a trip abroad. The judge has been a resident of Los Angeles for thirty years and has amassed a comfortable fortune. It will be the first time he will have missed voting for a presidential candidate since the founding of the Republican party. He probably realizes that his vote would have been lost had he remained here to cast it for Taft.

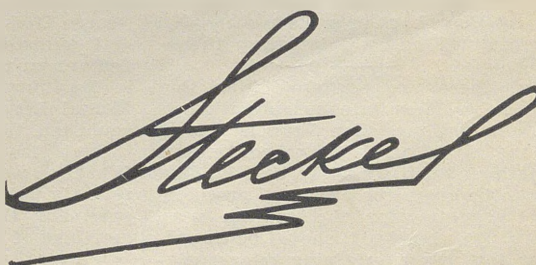
#### Have Their Troubles

It is said that business conditions in San Francisco are far from satisfactory, although the summer trade has been fairly brisk. I have even heard that a number of the subscribers to the exposition guarantee fund have failed to advance the amount of their pledges because they could not raise the cash. Fair matters are also, apparently, at a standstill in San Diego, where there is grumbling among the people who are beginning to think that the exposition enterprise upon which they embarked with such enthusiasm may have been a mistake. Los Angeles, however, is not worrying, although she has bond troubles of her own.

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# Music

By W. Francis Gates

Editor Metzger, of the San Francisco Musical Review, heads a reply to a recent article in this paper with "We have No State Association, Mr. Gates," referring to the convention of the California Music Teachers' Association held in Los Angeles. Mr. Metzger insists that there is a San Francisco association with rural adjuncts and a Los Angeles association with bucolic associates. Possibly, that was the case until this year, when there seems to be an honest desire for an amalgamation that amalgamates. It was but natural that the first move should have been to weld the two large city associations and their neighboring towns, and on that large and healthy nucleus build up affiliations in every county that has sufficient art interest. Things are moving that way, slowly. Such associations as these depend on the efforts of a willing few, willing to give time, effort, brains, all without financial remuneration. If the association could employ only one field secretary or traveling organizer, it could double its representation in a year and do twice the amount of good. But the small membership fee and consequently light treasury preclude such action.

"To the victors belong the spoils" says the adage. It might be paraphrased into "To the workers belong the offices." It is only right. Why elect a drone to office? Those who labor to keep up the interest in such an organization, if at all competent, should be given the honor of office. The next step in the California association is to elect a board of officials who shall be geographically representative of the state, including a few of the small cities as well as the large. Every member is to be allowed to nominate, by mail, and then to vote his choice of the two, for each office, who shall receive the most ballots for nomination. This may or may not be productive of the best officials. Probably it will not, but we shall see. In order that Southern California shall have its most active and capable teachers on the ticket, it would be well for the local association to decide on a ticket for certain offices, which ticket each member of the local association should be asked to vote in the primary.

Referring to the opportunities of a local association: Too many of such meetings are confined to hearing the performances of its members, to the exclusion of educational features. Even though Miss Smith can sing one of the 743 settings of "Du bist wie eine Blume" in tune and in German, hearing her one doesn't know any more about the art than he did before; nor does he after hearing Mrs. Jones play Chopin's "Minute Waltz" in two minutes. But he might have learned something had there been a paper or two read by competent writers or a discussion been programmed on an interesting theme.

But there are certain things that should be taken into consideration in the nominations. San Francisco is to be the place of the next convention. Consequently, it would be best for that city to be given the offices of president and secretary for the coming year. These offices, at least, should be awarded to the city entertaining the association, for the reason that the essential business of preparing for the convention cannot be carried on satisfactorily by mail. This year, the Southern association attended to all the details. Had

it been left to the state association officials, little or nothing would have been done—the meeting would have been a failure. The gathering this year came near being what Mr. Metzger said it was, "a meeting of the Southern California association attended by musicians from various parts of the state." We had a party and invited many guests; a number came and kindly officered the meeting for us and contributed a part of the entertainment. We did our best to entertain all visitors and they declared themselves satisfied with the menu—especially that provided by Miss Ebbert and her committee.

But things should not continue on that basis. While the executive heads for a given meeting should come from the city of that gathering, the other offices should be scattered in the counties which give the best representation to the association in proportion to their size. Time will work out these things. Experience will guide. Meanwhile, the immediate effort of the state association should be toward securing a wider extension of the membership. The root of this is in the formation of local associations, no matter how small. A half dozen sensible teachers can have a fine time together, if they will meet once a month and have a little program and talks on musical topics. It is hard to get these things started by mail, but that seems the only way. It is "up to" the present officials. That more counties are not in the association is not a fault but a misfortune. The association will grow only by a lot of sacrifice and work on the part of its president and secretary.

For instance, Harley Hamilton has up his sleeve an informative talk on "The Formation of an Orchestra" and another on "The Peculiarities of Musical Instruments." Frederick Stevenson could talk entertainingly on "The Essential Differences Between Sacred and Secular Composition." Mrs. Parsons could tell a tale, and she would, of "What I Would Do in Public School Music If They Would Let Me." J. B. Poulin could expatiate on "Why a Woman's Club Is Preferable to a Men's Club—From the Director's Standpoint." E. A. Geisler might outline, "How to Conduct a City Music Commission—If It Had One." Fred Blanchard could write an essay on "Why Opera Composers Should Not Join Music Teachers' Associations." Thilo Becker doubtless would mail in an essay on "Which is the More Interesting to Listen to—Your Wife's Playing or Your Own." A series of seven papers might be procured from Charles F. Edson on "How to Run a State Orchestra Without Money." Leroy Jepson doubtless could contribute a postal card essay on "Why I Prefer Commerce to Art—in the Day-time." This might be discussed by C. A. Elder. John Douglas Walker, C. L. Bagley, George Derby and others galore. Several ministers might be called in to descant on the theme, "Why the Music in My Church is on Its Present Low Mental Level" and a score of singers could tell "Why I Prefer to Sing in the Church that Pays the Best Salary." What a wealth of entertaining talk there is possible in Los Angeles, to be sure, for the coming season in the meetings of the S. C. M. T. A.

It was a pleasant thought and a kindly act, that journey of the choir of the First M. E. church to Sawtelle to sing for the veterans in the National Soldiers' Home. Not to exploit fine art

or to warble theological ditties, but to sing the old war songs and stirring choruses, such as the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust"—that was Director Carl Bronson's idea and the coming and singing of the choir was appreciated by the "old boys." More of that sort of thing would not be amiss. Certainly, they deserve the best we can give them. And they know "what's what," too; so don't think you can take any wishy-washy ragtime to Sawtelle or any half baked players and singers and have them raved over. Stony silence may be the reception, if you do. Take a lot of healthy, sensible music and perform it as a friend to the heart of a friend, and your audience there will meet you more than half way.

Did any one say concerts? Where? Show me a concert. Just one echo from the concert world this week and that was a recital of the pupils of Mrs. Thilo Becker. This took place at her home studio and in it, besides certain well schooled players approaching adult years there were several tots hardly longer than their fiddle cases. There was eight-year Carolyn LeFevre, playing the Spohr concerto in D minor—think of that, ye fiddlers! And Purcell Mayer, aged ten, who played the Bach double concerto with his teacher. Carolyn and her sister Elizabeth LeFevre, a little cello pupil of Alex Simonson, with Mrs. Becker playing the second violin, offered a trio by Purcell, the classic English writer who is complimented so much and heard so little. If you think these are childish tasks—try one of them. Such a beginning with such a teacher augurs well for their future.

Adolf Willhartitz, the dean of local music teachers, is visiting friends in San Francisco. Mr. Willhartitz is one of those happy persons who can call all acquaintances friends, for to know him is to like him.

Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker are planning a brief trip to Lake Tahoe. On their return they will prepare two or more pupils' programs for public hearing.

Grace Freeby, who has been teaching in Martha Washington seminary, Washington, D. C., is visiting her mother on Girard street. Miss Freeby formerly was prominent in Los Angeles musical affairs.

Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, has again returned to the musical life, having written the music to a comic opera on a theme of the days of '49. No, Abe Reuf did not furnish the libretto. It was by a millionaire still out of jail. Frank C. Drew, who besides composing the libretto will finance the performance. Schmitz always was lucky.

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**Santa Fe**

## Mr. Clifford Lott

**B A R I T O N E**

has returned from New York and London where he appeared in concert and studied under Mr. GEORGE HENSCHEL and SIR HENRY WOOD.

Mr. Lott has reopened his studio at 912 WEST 20TH ST. (Near Oak).

## Recitals Oratorio Concert

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July 23, 1912

NOTICE is hereby given that Albert William Marsh, of Temple Block, Los Angeles, California, who, on January 4, 1905, made Homestead Entry, 10785, No. 09962 (F. C. No. 6117), for Lots 2, 3 and 4, Section 19, and Lot 4, Section 20, Township 18S, Range 20W., S. B. Meridian, as amended from Lot 1, Sec. 18, Lots 1, 2 and 3, Sec. 19, and Lot 4, Sec. 20, T. 18S, R. 20W., has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 5th day of September, 1912. Claimant names as witnesses:

John U. Henry, of Santa Monica, California; Frank Slert, of Santa Monica, California; J. R. Sheekles, of Santa Monica, California; David D. Parten, of Los Angeles.

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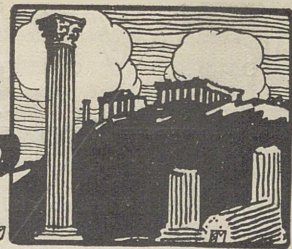
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# Art



By Everett C. Maxwell  
EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.  
Miscellaneous Exhibition—Steckel Gallery.

Whenever I am dealing in print with a typical western painter it is always a temptation to go into elaborate details regarding the land that gave birth to the man and his art. It is not enough to say that this painter or that one is gifted with a peculiar talent to reproduce upon canvas an expression of western nature. I have known a few men whose sole knowledge of the sunset land had been gained from the observation platform of a Pullman car yet who could write or paint a passable portrait of the desert. How potent must be the spell of this Sphinx-like region to cast the image of its vast mystery upon the minds of the "passer-by." How compelling must be the inspiration to the man who really knows the thousand changing moods of the west. It always seems to me that to appreciate the development and trend of our native art we should know not only the art history of the west, but we should know the west itself. How few of us really do! Many who have been half a lifetime in Los Angeles do not even know the mountain country that hems them in. The writer, having recently returned from a walking tour of the canyons in the vicinity of Mount Lowe and Mount Wilson, mentioned to an old resident a few of the remarkable features of the trip and was discredited in his statement simply because the one he addressed knew nothing of the wild beauties of the land in which he had lived so long.

I make these few observations merely as an introductory note to our little journey to the studio of Mr. Chas. Owens, desert painter, illustrator and designer. Mr. Owens has long remained a man of mystery in local art circles. I first saw his colorful and decorative desert studies in the exhibit of the Architectural League and was instantly attracted by their daring color which I admired for its truth and local character. As I studied their well felt details of the "land of purple shadows," I heard a would-be critic say, "Now, did anyone ever see such vivid color in nature?" Yes, indeed. You, mayhap, have been denied the spectacle of a desert sunset, a canyon sunrise, a storm over the Grand Canyon, or a noonday thunder shower in New Mexico, but others of us have been more fortunate and we can join in the paean of praise of the desert mother nature, the notes of which may be read, even by him who runs, in Mr. Owens' canvases.

Following the Architectural Show I noted an occasional sketch from this artist's brush in various and sundry places, but I never fully appreciated his real ability to handle a difficult subject until I saw upon the wall in the home of a local connoisseur a desert study by Mr. Owens which impressed me in exactly the same manner as did the real thing when I first beheld it in the glory of a red and purple sunrise. I at once determined to unearth this painter if possible and conduct my readers to his abode. This I found was not difficult, so come with me to Mount Washington and at 4309 Glen Muir avenue we will pay our respects to a watercolorist who, despite his extreme modesty, can no longer remain a minus quantity in the problem of local art. His work is needed, as is also his example of sincere regard for

the quality of art products and the desire to keep his work free from the commercial idea of "what the public wants."

\* \* \*

Mr. Owens is a native of San Francisco. Ten years ago he went to New York and associated himself with a newspaper syndicate. Six years later he started to Los Angeles for a "short stay" and has remained ever since. His studio is perched on one of the picturesque terraces on Mt. Washington and commands a panoramic view of city, valley, and hills, which would be hard to equal. I could say a great deal about this well equipped atelier, but space is limited and I wish to mention a few of Mr. Owens' most representative pictures, so I shall waive my descriptions. The artist showed me his latest work in two groups, the first a series of San Pedro sketches and the other a collection of desert studies, and in this order I will note a few of the best. The San Pedro sketches are all of interest. They are painted in a direct and simple manner, are fresh and crisp and full of light and air. "Silvery Morn" is perhaps the best study in this group. Dawn is just breaking over a pearling sea. On the horizon a fog bank hangs like a gray veil and the sky is faintly lavender. The silvery quality of tone over the whole is well expressed. "The Draw Bridge" and "Old Dredger" are both of interest for their good color arrangement and "The Peso," a small study of a boat, possesses a remarkably fine foreground. "Preparing for the Voyage" depicts an early morning effect of silver gray sea and a rose and lavender sky. Several smaller canvases presenting familiar San Pedro subjects are of great interest.

"Breaking Up of the Storm," the first of the desert group, shows a gray waste of sand and bunch grass, with here and there a Spanish dagger to relieve the flatness. In the middle distance are seen three great boulders. The sky is filled with moving clouds. "One Hundred and Fifteen in the Shade" (may I venture to ask, where was the shade?) is a typical desert subject—just a stretch of level sand and sage brush with here and there a tall yucca stalk. In the distance is seen a low blue butte and above a sky of pale topaz. "Vasquez Rocks," named for the noted bandit whose lair they were, possesses a well considered foreground and an excellent middle distance. "Foggy Moonlight" is an unusual effect of a desert moon rising through fog. A very successful small study is "Desert Moonlight," and "Cadiz," a Mojave desert composition, possesses a finely painted sky.

Mr. Owens has passed much time at the Grand Canyon studying the matchless coloring and contour of this great natural wonder and while convinced that the canyon is unpaintable from a truly artistic viewpoint, has yet secured a portfolio of excellent detail sketches made in or near this American marvel. These are of much interest and when worked into finished pictures will no doubt prove their value as works of art. "Canyon Wall," "Dust," and "The Desert" complete the desert group.

Mr. Owens draws with a sure hand. His line is full of vitality and refined directness and flows with easy grace. There is a simplicity and courage about his color manipulation that I greatly admire and which I feel will eventually develop into a well-defined tech-

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nique. This artist possesses a remarkably fine color sense and at all times he applies his paint with freedom and directness. Occasionally, I feel that his eyes see greater things than his hand can register, but that is the really promising stage in the career of a western painter. The vision must be greater than the production if art is to be inspired.

Beginning next week Mr. Wm. Swift Daniell and his collection of pictures may be found in his new and permanent studio at No. 403 Blanchard Hall.

#### At Hotel Mt. Washington

Recent arrivals at the Mt. Washington include J. A. Gibson of Los Angeles, Miss Agnes Setterden of Richmond, Va., Miss Mary E. Golden of Los Angeles, and Miss Marion Whitney of Arizona.

Mrs. J. C. Fitzgerald of Pasadena entertained Wednesday evening with a dinner at Mt. Washington Hotel. Jack roses formed the table decorations and places were marked for Mrs. Calvin Hamlin of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Brewer of Michigan and Miss Brewer. Mr. and Mrs. William Mead of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. Dibble of St. Paul, Mr. James S. Armour of New Jersey and Mr. E. D. Barry of this city.

Mrs. E. D. W. Durham presided at a luncheon given Wednesday afternoon at the Hotel Mt. Washington. Covers were laid for twelve at a table decked with old-fashioned zenias arranged in a big Japanese basket. Cards were enjoyed following the repast.

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# Social & Personal

Miss Bird Chanslor, daughter of Mrs. John Chanslor of 1928 Harvard boulevard, became the bride of Mr. William Kirk Reese, Jr., Wednesday morning, at a simple home wedding, witnessed only by relatives and close friends. The Rev. Daniel W. Hanna performed the ceremony, and the bride wore a dark blue tailored suit and a hat to match. She carried white orchids and lilies of the valley. There were no attendants. Tiger lilies and foliage were used throughout the house to carry out the color scheme of pink and green. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served in the garden, where the decorations were of the tiger lilies combined with ferns. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Reese will make their home with Mrs. Reese's mother. Mr. Reese is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Kirk Reese of Shatto place. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor, brother and sister-in-law of the bride, who are the guests of Mrs. Chanslor. Mr. and Mrs. Waller Chanslor of Berkeley Square, who have been in Portland for several weeks, also came down for the occasion and will stay for a short time with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cosby of 3003 South Figueroa street.

This evening Mr. Mode Wineman of the Hotel Windemere, Santa Monica, is giving a dinner, to be followed by a private exhibit of his photographic studies, and dancing. Covers will be laid for Mrs. John P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Clover, Mr. and Mrs. William Wendt, Mr. and Mrs. Sidle Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Fiske, Judge and Mrs. William Ward Spinks, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Linnard, Mrs. Jardine, Mrs. Juana Neal Levy, Mr. John Barton Browne and Mr. Anthony Anderson. Assisting the host will be Mrs. John P. Jones, Mrs. Roy Jones, Mrs. Robert Farquhar, Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover, Mrs. W. Ward Spinks, Mrs. D. M. Linnard and Mrs. William Wendt.

Mrs. Victor E. Shaw and Miss Ethel Shaw of 2700 Severance street will soon leave for Colorado, where they will join Judge Shaw. Miss Marguerite Galbraith, who has been a guest at the Shaw home, has returned to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley J. Rouse of West Twenty-first street, will pass August at Seven Oaks.

Mrs. Paul Shoup and children of 661 South Burlington, have gone to Catalina, where they are occupying the Banning cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Bishop and little son, of West Adams street are at Lake Louise for a summer outing. They were accompanied on their trip by Mrs. Richard Bishop and Miss Elizabeth Bishop, who are on their way to Michigan and by Miss Florence Clark, who is to go to San Francisco as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Knecht, and by Miss Angelita Phillips who will go on to Alaska.

Mrs. Leland Reeves of San Francisco is the house guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Krepps of Harvard boulevard. Monday afternoon Miss Marie McKenzie gave a box party at the Orpheum for Mrs. Reeves, followed by tea at the Alexandria. Afterward the party proceeded to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul W. Gilbert, where dinner was served for sixteen.

Wednesday at one o'clock, Miss Ethel May Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams of South Pasadena, became the bride of Mr. Ralph Waldo Bailey, the service being read

by the Reverend Robert Freeman. The house was hung with festoons of asparagus plumosos woven with pink carnations, and for the ceremony the bridal couple stood on an old Persian rug, the gift of the groom. The bride wore a gown of messaline draped with chantilly lace, and her shower bouquet was worn as a corsage adornment. A buffet luncheon was served in the dining room, where the table had a centerpiece of Cecil Brunner roses, brimming over a silver basket which rested on a Cluny cloth. After their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Bailey will be at home at 685 Magnolia avenue, Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Arnold are planning a trip abroad, and will leave in the autumn, as will Mrs. S. S. Salisbury and Miss Helen Salisbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross T. Hickox of Park View avenue entertained Friday evening with a bridge dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus of West Eighth street left Thursday morning for an extended stay abroad. They probably will be away for a year or more.

Miss Barbara Burkhalter and Miss Francis Burkhalter of Scarff street have returned from Avalon, where they have been the guests of friends.

Monday marked the return of a large party of travelers composed of Mr. B. E. Beman, Mrs. Emma Markham, Mr. A. D. Reitmuller, Mr. Dean Markham, Mrs. Charles Freeman, Mrs. E. C. Will and Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hopkins, who have been touring the world under the auspices of D. F. Robertson, manager of the steamship department of the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Adams, Mr. and Mrs. P. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. W. Joyce and Miss Edith Wallace will leave August 21 for a three months tour.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. William B. Corwin of Hotel Alvarado were hosts at a dinner, for which the decorations were in pink Killarney roses. Monogrammed cards marked places for Mr. and Mrs. William H. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Canterbury, Mrs. Hugh White, Mrs. J. Mullen Brown, Mrs. J. D. McArdle, Mr. E. A. Welton and Mr. Carl Corwin.

After a year passed in study in Paris, Miss Blanche Ruby of 984 Hoover street has returned to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Frank Elmer Rich of Hotel Woodward is in Oakland, where she will pass several weeks with her mother.

Mrs. Wheaton Gray and Miss Evangeline Gray of Hotel Darby are in San Francisco, where they have taken an apartment.

Miss Elizabeth Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks of West Adams street, is in San Francisco, where she is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg. Several affairs are planned for Miss Hicks, who is a favorite in Northern society circles. Miss Hicks is to be married in the autumn to Lieutenant Robert Frank Gross, U. S. N., and a brilliant naval ceremony is planned.

Under the direction of D. F. Robertson, manager of the steamship department of the Citizens Trust & Savings Bank, a large party of Southern Californians will leave August 20 on an extended tour to Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, South Sea Island, the Philippines, China, Japan, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Arabia and Africa, returning by

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way of the Panama Canal. Included in the party are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brook, Dr. and Mrs. John Carter, Mr. and Mrs. William Eaton, Judge and Mrs. Walter Hill, Mrs. A. Stuidy, Miss Agnes Watkins, and Mr. and Mrs. George Varney. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walters, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, and Judge H. A. Pierce left Thursday on a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. William John Scholl of San Diego are the guests of Mrs. J. T. Scholl of Santee street.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Burns of Wilshire boulevard have gone to Venice, where they recently completed a beautiful summer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Booth and little son, Master Ferris Booth, and Miss Hamilton, daughter of Mr. Harley Hamilton, have sailed for a vacation at Honolulu.

Mrs. C. S. Perry of Chester Place gave an English garden party Tuesday afternoon in compliment to Mrs. H. L. Wood of San Francisco. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. Lanier Bartlett, Mrs. Clyde C. Spencer, Mrs. S. C. Newport and Mrs. Harmon Ryus.

Miss Elaine Pujo of Lake Charles, La., who is in San Francisco for a brief stay, will return next week to finish her visit with Mrs. W. E. Ramsay and the Misses Katherine and Marjorie Ramsey of Western avenue.

Mrs. W. D. Stephens of 1108 West Twenty-seventh, and her daughter, Miss Barbara Stephens, are at Avalon for a week's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley E. Brewer of Chicago, who are the house guests of Mrs. Brewer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Widney of this city, gave a dinner Tuesday evening at the Union League club. A centerpiece of Cecil Brunner roses and maidenhair ferns decorated the table and hand-painted rose cards bore the names of Judge and Mrs. Sidney Reeve, Mr. and Mrs.

William Bullen, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Crippen, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Pauly, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Shelton, Miss Marjorie Utley and Mr. Erwin Widney.

Messrs. Standish and Mowatt Mitchell are motoring through the north, and will stop at Lake Tahoe for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Francisco of North Euclid avenue, Pasadena, had as house guests last week Mr. and Mrs. J. Bond Francisco and children.

Dr. and Mrs. George Finlay Bovard and their daughters, the Misses Edna and Gladys Bovard, are at Hermosa Beach, where their home is the gathering place for many young people.

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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.



# The GRAPHIC



**MRS. HAMILTON BOWMAN ROLLINS**

One of society's favorite hostesses

[Photo by Hemenway]

Dear Marie: New York's plan of having a country home about one or two hours' ride from Manhattan is slowly but surely finding followers in Los Angeles. Among the first to adopt this scheme were the Mark Sibley Severances who have a delightful country place near San Bernardino. Mr. Severance is a Harvard man and son of Madame Caroline Severance, often referred to as the "Mother of Clubs." The entire family is extremely fond of outdoor life. Mrs. Severance's hobby is fine horses and I shall not forget how they all worshipped "Bishop"—an immense Great Dane. The two daughters, Harriet and Marjory, seem perfectly content on the "farm." Whenever there is a function in town the family transfers itself to the Hotel Alexandria. We still are talking of their dinner dance of a year or so ago.

The Hancock Bannings will occupy the old Banning place at Wilmington this winter. They had it modernized and from friends who have had the good fortune to visit Mrs. Banning I have learned it is one of the most delightful homes in Southern California.

Nestling in the hills to the north of San Pedro is the home of John T. Gaffey, "La Rambla." Its wide verandas, Japanese gardens and splendid location leave little to be desired for absolute contentment. Mrs. Gaffey seldom leaves home, but keeps open house to the large circle of friends of all the members of the family.

Without exception (and this is no reflection on the many beautiful homes of the southwest) the slightest place in Southern California is the home of Henry E. Huntington. After its sweeping driveways which lead through cactus waste, over Japanese bridges, along smoothly rolled lawns, under orange and lemon trees, you plunge into the woods for half a mile, finally landing in front of a beautiful mansion with acres of flowers stretching in all directions. What a pity there is no mistress to dispense the hospitality of this beautiful home? The interior of the house with its galleries of old masters, its wonderful library and its priceless tapestries is in accord with the attractive exterior.

Adjoining Mr. Huntington's place is the home of George S. Patton. Simplicity, comfort and utility are the keynotes of this house wherein Miss Anita the daughter of the house is ruling princess.

About twenty years ago J. A. Graves built his home near Alhambra. The house is old-fashioned, but so inviting with its steps down here and its steps up there, its fine kitchen garden noted for its luscious berries, the whole surrounded by one of the best orange orchards in Los Angeles county. Both daughters, Mrs. Hugh Stewart and Mrs.

Ervin Armstrong, have homes in the near vicinity. So you see, Marie, the truth of my initial statement.

When the season opens what a busy crowd we shall have, for with eleven brides-to-be in this city, each with a large circle of acquaintances trying to do something pleasant for the girls. I can see a strenuous winter ahead of me.

Mrs. Hamilton B. Rollins and Mrs. Lewis Tolhurst are both greatly interested in Juliet Borden's romance and I am sure that the latter will be inundated with attention before she becomes the bride of Lieut. Mayfield.

Elizabeth Hicks, whose wedding this fall to Lieut. Gross will be one of the social events of the season, even if she should decide on a quiet wedding, left Tuesday for a visit to San Francisco. Her relatives the Hagers are prominent members of the Burlingame set in San Francisco. She no doubt will come in for a great deal of attention while visiting in the northern city.

I think November will be the month chosen by most of the girls for their weddings. But Ada Seeley has already announced her wedding date for September 9.

Mother has just returned from a visit to San Francisco. She was at the Palace through the biennial and says she was very proud of our Los Angeles women. Although not a club woman, she belongs to the Friday Morning club and is greatly interested in anything pertaining to the advancement of women. The conscientious work of women like Mrs. D. C. McCann, Mrs. Chas. F. Edson, Mrs. R. J. Waters, Miss Mary Foy and others for suffrage and for all things for the good of our dear city, deserves the general recognition it is receiving. I always insist on mother giving me one of her visitor's tickets to the special program days of the Friday Morning Club. At present everything is "quiet along the Potomac" of club life, but it is just the lull before the storm, for all women are interested in the coming presidential election and all will do their share to help to elect the man of their choice.

At times I get heartsick for New York, especially for the trips in the summertime, for although we have delightful summer resorts, there is no place in the west that can compare with Southampton, Long Island. Are you going down to the tennis tournament? If so pluck a California poppy from the flower bed in the court and send it to me for remembrance. Nothing affected me as those poppies did when I was so far away from home. The antiquated village of Southampton might have been lifted out of any English novel.

The nearest approach to anything like it here



**MRS. HARRY BORDEN**

Niece of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark

[Photo by Hemenway]



**MRS. FREDERICK HASTINGS RINDGE**

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mushet

[Photo by Hemenway]

is the Spanish town of Capistrano. And that reminds me that in this little town Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van der Leek are living, having given up their home place. Judge Egan is still alive and must find a lot of pleasure in having the Vander Leeks as neighbors.

Did you happen to run across the Letts' party on their return? I understand Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Foster are sailing about the middle of August for home. I'll wire you the date of their arrival so that you will not miss them as they have a letter for you which they were unable to deliver when they passed through on their way to Europe. You will enjoy them both as they have interesting individuality. Am addressing this letter to New York but suppose it will have to be forwarded to you, you busy little bee. Write soon.

Lovingly,

ELIZABETH.

Miss Marie Livingstone,

No 9. E. 57th St., New York.

## Love's Requiem

Love is dead! O, little Love, who once my bosom blessed!

Love lies dead, with weighted eyes and hands across his breast.

Pale his cheeks that once were red, ashen now his brow;

Love is dead! O, little Love, where goes thy spirit now?

Love is dead! O, little Love, pallid now thy face!

Once we gave him breath of life, set his blood a-race,

Once we warmed him in our hearts—O, the fleeting years!

Love is dead! O, little Love, canst thou feel my tears?

Love is dead! O, little Love, wrapped in death's long sleep!

How they murmur at my door, wonder why I weep;

Whisper that 'tis best he died, bid that I rejoice!

Love is dead! O, little Love, silent now thy voice!

Love is dead! O, little Love; pitiful and still!

Once I prayed that he would die—raised my hand to kill.

I should laugh to see him so, parched by death's swift drouth—

Love is dead! O, little Love, grieving now thy mouth!

Love is dead! O, little Love, somber now in death!

Let me heap his bier with blooms sweet with summer's breath;

Let me kiss his grieving lips, give his soul release—

Love is dead! O, little Love, slumber softly! Peace!

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS.



# Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

David Belasco's scenic triumph, "Madame Butterfly" is being presented at the Orpheum with all that wealth of scenic detail, of ingenious stagecraft, of lavish completeness that has made Belasco the wizard of the theatrical world. First of all, Belasco creates atmosphere—by views of Japan, skillfully shown and with unusual lighting effects; then slips his audience into the real story. Clara Blandick plays little Cho-Cho-San, the butterfly who breaks her wings when she finds that her American lover has deserted her for another. It is a pitiful little char-

acter—does not award it one-half the warm applause given a mimic of no ability and little charm in the person of Edna Luby, who does not suggest in a single detail any of the characters that she portrays, yet who garners a richer harvest of handclaps than the Belasco playlet—of which the stage accessories alone should be good for a hand. Ray L. Royce has been here a number of times in his capital character impersonations, but we are growing rather weary of the same bill of fare season after season and would suggest a change. The Five Original Piroscoffis are as wonderful and weird as their



MAY TULLY, HEADLINER AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

acter—the humble, devoted little maiden, with the quaint, broken English which she speaks—and makes all her attendants speak—because of her love for Lieutenant Pinkerton, from "dese beeg Unided Stat'." Miss Blandick should have been more petite and winsome for the role and she has not quite mastered the evenness of accent necessary, but considering her natural handicaps she does well—that is, her acting shows her ability and perception, although the effect is not yet a polished one. Excellent as the production is, it is sad to relate that the audience

names in their juggling act, and have several new effects. The Scotch players, Ed Wynn, the Elliott Savonis and the Boudin Brothers are the hold-overs.

#### Alaskan Views at the Mason

At the Mason Opera House a display of motion pictures of unusual interest, educational value and entertainment is being given in the form of scenes in the far north. The pictures are a result of an expedition under Captain F. E. Kleinschmidt which was sent out by the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburg

for the purpose of collecting scientific data, specimens of the animal and bird life of Alaska, Siberia and the Arctic regions. Unusual good fortune attended the venture and the ship reached Wrangel Land, the most northern point ever attained by a vessel. The pictures cover the principal events of the trip. Mechanically, they are excellent, and the operators must have dared many perils to have secured the intensely interesting views obtained. The ship is shown leaving Seattle for Alaska by the "Inside Passage," scenic displays are given, seals, birds, etc., are shown, there is a moose hunt, in which there is given the closest view ever taken of a bull moose—evidently a precarious task for the operator. The Eskimo villages, with houses perched on stilts on barren hillsides that slant steeply to an angry sea, Eskimo women and children, the husky and malamute dogs; two skillful Eskimos in water stunts, the natives at their diversions, glimpses of life at Nome; a wonderful view of Bering Sea in a storm, a polar bear hunt, and a thrilling scene in which a mother bear fights for the rescue of her cub. One inspection of these pictures does not satisfy, they are worth a second and even a third trip, and the opportunity of seeing them should not be missed.

#### Offerings for Next Week

Monday night Lewis S. Stone will come back to the Belasco stage for one week to make his farewell appearance before local audiences—at least for a year—in the first production on any stage of Edward Childs Carpenter's new drama, "The Taming of Alberta," which gives promise of being one of the biggest plays that have ever received their premier on a local stage. Double interest attends the presentation because of Mr. Stone's reappearance with the Belasco organization and because of the importance of the new production. In "The Taming of Alberta," both Mr. Stone and Muriel Starr will have roles in which they will have excellent opportunity for individual success. The play is located in the West, and the big scene is one in which the hero—Mr. Stone—tames the heroine—Miss Starr—by administering a beating, which is not passively accepted by the heroine. The piece is out of the ordinary, and the Belasco management looks for a success of unusual proportion. Mr. Barrymore closes his successful engagement Sunday night and will immediately go to New York, where he is the leading man for the famous Little Theater.

After a week of arduous rehearsals and preparation, Frank Stammers' new play, "Peck o' Pickles," will open at the

Majestic Sunday night, with Kolb and Dill appearing in the roles of two Germans, Rudolph Busch and Adolph Schlitz. The piece opens in the small town of Walpole, Mass., where Rudolph is a delicatessen keeper and Adolph is a shoemaker. They imbibe too much of hard cider—combined with whiskey, and the second act finds them in Washington, in 1860 at the time of Lincoln's election. The third act transports them to 1960, when Roosevelt is being crowned Theodore First of the United States. After many trials and tribulations, which provide fun for the audience, they finally land in Walpole. Both comedians express the conviction that in "Peck o' Pickles," Mr. Stammers has given them their best opportunity for funmaking, while from the musical viewpoint the show is promised to be a pleasing surprise. The principals will be given many songs, and the chorus will have a good chance to display its talents—and other things.

Apparently "Peg o' My Heart," the record-breaking comedy of Hartley Manners', has come to and end at last, and Sunday afternoon Richard Bennett, than whom no more popular actor has ever come to town, will open his special engagement with the Burbank company in Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner's play of the underworld, "The Deep Purple." Mr. Bennett will have his original role of William Lake, and Mabel Morrison will play the part of Doris Moore. Miss Ada Dwyer will make her first appearance on the Burbank stage in the fine character role of Frisco Kate, which she created in the original New York production. The cast for "The Deep Purple" will be notable throughout. After a long absence, David Hartford will return in the part of Laylock, the killer; Charles Biblyn will play Leland, the badger. James Corrigan will be seen as Connelly, the detective, Grace Travers will play Christine, the maid, and Jack Belgrave will have the comedy role of the sanctimonious confidence man—and others concerned in the performance have been selected with equal regard for their suitability for the parts.

"Madame Butterfly" will enter upon its last week at the Orpheum Monday matinee. Press and public alike have acclaimed this the supreme achievement of the drama in vaudeville; its excellent presentation, and scenic and light effects, combined with its acceptable acting, have placed it ahead of all rivals. Among the newcomers is found May Tully, who has a new sketch, "The Battle Cry of Freedom," a satire on the Reno divorce mill. Kaufman brothers, two clever black face comedians, will have a new line of absurdities and new songs and dances.

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and Bert Terrel has a reputation as a Dutch comedian. He learned to yodel in the Alps and lived so long among the Dutch that he is known as the Dutch yodeler. Honors and Le Prince are French acrobats and pantomimists who garnish their feats with many touches of comedy. Harry Atkinson, known as the Australian nightingale, possesses the faculty of imitating many musical instruments so realistically that few believe he is doing it without artificial aid. Holdovers are "Madame Butterfly," Ray L. Royce and the Piroscoffis. The Frankenstein orchestra and the moving pictures complete the bill. A week later will come the second big Belasco-Beck production, "The Drums of Oude."

#### Cabaret Show Idea at Brink's

That much discussed cabaret show idea has invaded Los Angeles after originating in Paris, drifting across to New York and later finding its way across the continent to San Francisco. Thence it branched in two different directions north to Seattle and south to Los Angeles, and now the smart set of this fair city has discovered that it really is not so terribly naughty, but just a curious bit of alchemy in which vaudeville and restauranting have been adroitly mingled. Which is gold and which represents the baser metals is a much-mooted question with many exponents on both sides. John Brink, whose Saddlerock has been one of the historic landmarks of Los Angeles for many years, has introduced the cabaret show idea into his handsome South Spring street cafe, and Los Angelenos are sampling it. There are many versions concerning the origin of the cabaret. Authorities say it dates back to the days when the wandering minstrel was wont to stop at the tavern or inn where the jolly folk of the town congregated and regale them with wit and melody. Steve, the head bartender at Rector's, according to John Brink has found a much more modern explanation. He asserts that cabaret is a compound like a cocktail. It is composed of two old Broadway words, "cab," a means of getting there, and "hooray," a noise made when arrived. Among the performers who have initiated the cabaret in Los Angeles are Madame Adelina Dossena, an exceptional coloratura soprano, who is here for a limited engagement. Mina Stralee, formerly prima donna with the Hinshaw company of New York and Chicago, said to be one of the highest salaried singers in cafe work, George Reech who made his fame at the beach resorts near Atlantic City, Miss Lorine Ramona, who came to Los Angeles with Louisiana Lou and who received her ragtime training at Rector's, Wilbur Ross, a tenor formerly with Maxims, who plays his own accompaniments, Madame M. C. Gemunder, star violinist formerly with the Hotel Raymond, and Jack Hibbard, who is perhaps the best known cellist on the Pacific coast. A continuous performance is given starting in at the dinner hour and continuing until midnight. New performers will be seen every week.

#### Notes From Bookland

In the London National Review for July is a story by Kipling called "The Benefactors." It is of a lurid kind. The scene is laid in hell and lost souls, in their intervals of agony, relate the causes of their condemnation. The man who invented bows and arrows is there, also the man who invented gunpowder, also a pope who trusted in interdicts, and many more. But presently comes along a stranger, a Mr. Sugden, a miner lately on strike for higher rates of wages and other conveniences. And Mr. Sugden is inclined to be boastful, telling his hearers how he has been bringing the community to its knees, and how he and his master hold all the power in the 'ollow of their 'ands, seeing as how they produce coal as is the greatest necessity of life. But Satan reproves Mr. Sugden, and in the

best vein of Jingo-Kiplingese points out how he and his mates by starving and freezing several thousand poor folks have worried 40,000,000 people into thinking.

For several years Dr. William A. Read, professor of English in Louisiana state university, has been making a study of the peculiarities of southern pronunciation. His most recent contribution to the literature of the subject is entitled "Some Variant pronunciations in the New South," and appeared recently in the Dialect Notes. In this paper he published the results of a thorough study of the pronunciations of the younger generation in the South. His work is based upon reports received from college students in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. The paper has been reprinted for distribution by the Louisiana state university, and will be sent free on application to the secretary at Baton Rouge, La.

Charles E. Jerningham, otherwise "Marmaduke" of Truth, and the author of several books dealing with London society and club life, is writing his reminiscences of his friend and editor, the great and lamented Henry Labouchere. These will give an account of that many-sided man from the intimate standpoint of acquaintanceship extending over forty years. The official biography is being written by Labouchere's nephew.

At this writing there is a by-election taking place in England for a member of parliament to represent Hanley in the heart of Arnold Bennett's country, Hanley being one of the famous five towns so vividly described in his stories and novels. In that same country, beyond the glare of the furnaces, lies Rudyard Lake, from which it is said Mr. Kipling derived his Christian name. His father, it seems, was at one time a pottery artist.

The name of F. Hopkinson Smith's new novel, "The Armchair at the Inn," which the Scribners will bring out this month, is laid in Normandy. Mr. Smith's son, F. Berkeley Smith, has also written a story of life in Normandy—"Madame Mesange." It and "The Street of the Two Friends," stories of the Latin Quarter, will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. in the fall.

don social world and her three lovers. Maurice Hewlett's new novel, from the point of view of a woman of the London century, is "Mrs. Lan-

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# Books

Guido Cavalcanti was right, in theory, when he divided his affections among many women, claiming that no one woman was possessed of all the virtues and graces but that each one had an individual charm which appealed to him, and that all together were needed to satisfy his longings for the inspiration of perfect womanhood: unfortunately, in practice, his needs appear, in common with other famous world lovers, to have been almost entirely on the physical plane. But higher, linking the human with the diviner love was the thought of Dante. By his devotion to Beatrice, great enough for self-renunciation, Dante is lifted up toward spirituality. "Beatrice upward gazed, and I on her," he says, indicating the nature of their relationship. But in "Fate Knocks at the Door," referring to Beethoven's remark with regard to the Fifth Symphony: "So pocht das Schicksal an die Pforte" ("Thus Fate Knocks at the Door"). Will Levington Comfort sounds a finer note, plays yet another interpretation of the theme of the religion of love for women—a variation that has a movement of Cavalcanti, spiritualized, and of Dante, sweeping on into a stronger, deeper diapason.

Andrew Bedient, a nameless child of love, knowing not his fleshly parentage, in his tender years follows the call of the sea and travels in many far and strange lands, encounters marvelous adventures serving in humble stations, observes closely, absorbs deep and mystic philosophies, lives cleanly and calmly and communes frequently with the divine spirit within him. In Australia he is tested by fiery passion's breath, in Luzon he is tried by vulgarity, in China (and later, in New York) he is wearied by futility, but in India "he seemed to have come home. . . . Indeed, he was one with the Hindus in a love for the bees, the silence, the mountains, rivers, the moon, and the heaven-protected cattle, in whose great soft eyes he found the completion of animal peace." In New York, "what his oriental training called the illusion of it all—really dismayed. It seemed as if the millions were locked in a terrible slavery, only that they must hurry, and never cease the devouring toil. In the hideous walled cities of China, the same thought had often come to Bedient—that these myriads had been condemned by the sins of their past lives, "blindly to gather together and maim each others' souls." It was in Shanghai that the fat old German bookseller introduced him to the beauties of the Bhagavad Gita. The Bible, Carlyle, Emerson, Thoreau and the Bhagavad Gita, the latter adding that peculiar flavor of mysticism for which Comfort's books are all notable. In Preshbend, Bedient encounters the influence of Gobind, the Hindu holy man, who recalls Rawder of "Routledge Rides Alone" and Father Pontanel of "She Buildeth Her House."

It would appear that the newspaper element is being relegated to the background in Comfort's thought and affections, his first novel having been a newspaper story touched with mysticism and his hero a war correspondent; his second, an even mixture with literary lovers, but this last effort is more an exposition of a philosophy than the unfolding of a plot, in which the newspaper folk, David Cairns and Edith Mallory, are his secondary characters. As a love story it is a dismal failure, from a popular viewpoint—which is the angle at which all love

tales most naturally are to be viewed. In the inspiration of love for Beth Truba, and the renunciation of that love Andrew Bedient, like Dante, is lifted up; but where Dante had only the cold austerity of Christianity to light his ideal he could not look beyond and learn that love for one woman should inspire a pure, reverential, protective feeling for womankind: that through the miracle working of one woman all women become glorified and wonderful. Bedient, in the glow of oriental mysticism, passes beyond the possibility of love for any woman to the impersonal, altruistic love of all women, to the worship of the potential motherhood of all women, expressed spiritually as well as physically. "A great man is a woman's dream incarnated. Only through the potential greatness of woman can come the militant greatness of man."

Beth, like Paula Linster, allows jealousy to play the high card of fate; but unlike Paula she passes the supreme happiness unconscious of her great part, forever. Yet the mother instinct sways this artist-woman, just as it rules "the Grey One," who had "had her tragedy; and Kate Wilkes, a strong woman, whose cup of bitterness had overflowed in her veins; who had come so to despise men, as to profess disliking children," and Vina Nettleton, "the real artist but a greater woman, whom the right man had missed in the crush of the world's work." Even undeveloped Wordling feels the faint tug of the law. But she has nothing of spirit to offer. It is in New York, whither Andrew Bedient filled with the spirit and the power of this new philosophy, has come with his great revivifying message, that this rare circle of tired artists are gathered, to receive the word. Where previously Selma Cross played the pawn of fate the talented Wordling, curiously enough again of the stage, interposes.

There is much of the tragedy of womankind expressed, of outraged wifehood and its hope, of suppressed motherhood, of enforced spinsterhood of women too proud to become the mere physical property of men. There is an exaltation of all womanhood and of woman's mission as inspirer of manhood and as the restorer of the spiritual life of the world. This new interpretation of the office of motherhood, dedicated "to the mothers of men," is full of great thoughts and epigrammatic periods, and voices an ideal of manhood that will not be understood, nor believed possible, save by a few spiritually illumined souls. There is a wonderful blending of the highest and purest truths of oriental mysticism with the beauty and inspiration of occidental Christianity. Certainly, no one could accuse Comfort of being commonplace; he is purely an idealist, of remarkable trend of thought. ("Fate Knocks at the Door." By Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

## Lawrence North's "Golightly's"

In "The Golightlys: Father and Son" Mr. Lawrence North has produced a novel which if not all that the publishers claim for it is far above the average of 'out of season' fiction. The plot is centered upon the prosperity and decline of Golightly Senior and satellites—keenly drawn characters, for the most part—who revolve about him as a central orb. Golightly, a shrewd, unscrupulous and quite objectionable self made man, has built up "Golightly's," a newspaper and magazine own-

ing, dime-novel publishing concern that caters exclusively to the masses. He makes enemies that bring about his ultimate downfall by instituting an even more enterprising rival concern. Regarded purely as a plot the action of the book is quite vigorous though here and there—as, for example, in the final revelation that Punchie Hay, the author of Golightly's ruin is Golightly's own illegitimate child—we realize a straining after dramatic effects. As a picture of modern life of a certain class and as a study of character the volume has great merit.

In this particular, however, Golightly himself is of secondary importance, just as he is, in fact, a very second rate individual. It is the other characters that hold us. Dorian Stepney, the brilliant college man who has sold his birthright of intellectual liberty for a mess of prosperity; Golightly Junior, a weak youth with, however an aesthetic side to his character with which one cannot keep sympathizing; the predatory Kitty and the saturnine Hay. Mr. North brings to his crucible a choice aggregation of metals, mostly base, and they react upon each other in a way that satisfies our sense of proportion, besides providing entertainment.

If there is any underlying moral to the book it is that retribution may be relied upon to "finish" as strongly as ever it did in the days of Aeschylus. For every character in the book from Golightly Sr. down reaps precisely as he is hurried into suicide rather to case of Dorian Stepney one feels that he is hurried into suicide rather to satisfy the author's sense of artistic completeness than for any other reason. On the whole, however, there is a certain businesslike hardness about each one of the actors in the drama that precludes sympathy when they come down hard at the end. They played the game and lost, in an arena where the spectators' thumbs are always turned down.

Mr. North is a novelist who, to date, has done better with every venture and is therefore to be watched. If early success and the intemperate boostings of his publishers do not seduce him from the more laborious path we may look for a great novel from his pen. ("The Golightlys: Father and Son." By Lawrence North. George H. Doran Co.)

## Magazines for August

Scribner's Magazine for August is a fiction number with many a meaty kernel for the lover of good stories. In "The Scarlet Ibis," Mary R. S. Andrews, without any plot to speak of, develops several character studies of unusual merit, and her leading figure is a charming creation of joyous youth. Henry van Dyke is clever in "The Efectual Fervent Prayer," and Richard Harding Davis has one of his red-blooded tales of action in "Blood Will Tell." Marion Hill has a child story, "In the Wake of William Tell," John Fox, Jr., gives another installment of "The Heart of the Hills," and other features are "Letters of George Meredith," two well conceived illustrations by Jessie Willcox Smith, "That Old-Time Place," by John Galsworthy, "Sailors of the Maine Coast," by Sidney M. Chase, "The Trial at Ravello," by Alice Brown, poems, illustrations, comment, etc.

In Lippincott's for August is a new novel by a new author, "Lady Make-Believe," by Florence Selden Peple, and while the plot is not remarkable for originality, the tale is well told. Will Levington Comfort, who is regarded by many as THE American novelist, has a short story, and in the short-story masterpiece department is Leonid Andreyev's "Silence," beginning the Russian series. Aside from the verses, quips, etc., are found, "A Belated Rosebud," by Emily Newell Blair; "The Poet of the Pines," by La Salle Corbell Pickett, "The Heritage of the Serpent," by Stanley Olmstead, "First Lesson in Surf-Bathing," by Sigmund Spaeth—warranted to be highly diverting to the beach devotee—"The Mort-

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Nathan Wise, George Fleming, William Moores, Fred Coulter, all of Newberry Park, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

gage Bank," a financial article by Edward Sherwood Meade and "Culture," by Thomas L. Masson.



## News and Gossip Along Automobile Row

**All Aboard for the Convention.**—For the last few days of the week automobile row was rather deserted so far as motor car dealers were concerned, for the majority of the higher-ups and as many of the lower-downs as could persuade the said higher-ups that they needed a vacation began leaving Thursday for San Francisco in order to reach there in time for the opening session of the third annual convention of the Pacific Highway convention Monday morning. Several delegates who wished to make leisurely trips left early in the week in their machines, but the larger part of the local contingent started Thursday. Still others, who felt that they could not spare the time to motor there, will leave tonight and tomorrow night on the trains for the northern city. The official program follows:

Monday, August 5, 10 a. m.—Invocation, Rt. Rev. Bishop William Ford Nichols of San Francisco; California's welcome, Lieutenant Governor A. J. Wallace (acting Governor in absence from State of Governor Hiram W. Johnson); welcome, Mayor James Rolph, Jr.; address, "A Transcontinental Highway," John Brisbane Walker, director of exploitation for the Panama-Pacific exposition committee; appointment of committee on credentials; appointment of committee on resolutions.

2 p. m.—Annual report of president; address, A. B. Fletcher, California State road engineer; report of committee on credentials; report of committee on resolutions.

4 p. m.—Bay trip as guests of Panama-Pacific exposition; committee to inspect exposition grounds from the waterside.

7:30 p. m.—Business session.

8 p. m.—Presentation of first-to-Mexico medal, and addresses by Chester Lawrence, automobile editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, and T. J. Beaudet, with stereopticon views; account first-to-Hazleton run, with stereopticon views, by P. E. Sands.

Tuesday, August 6, 10 a. m.—Address, Hon. Thomas Taylor, minister of public works, "The Roads of British Columbia," address, W. J. Kerr, president of the Canadian Highway Association, "The Canadian Highways."

2 p. m.—Business session, committee reports and short addresses from delegates.

4 p. m.—Automobile tour of exposition grounds as guests of Panama-Pacific exposition committee and San Francisco Motor Car Dealers' Association; review of United States troops at the Presidio.

7:30 p. m.—Business session.

8 p. m.—Address, Samuel Hill, with stereopticon views.

Wednesday, August 7, 10 a. m.—Address, Hon. J. N. Gillette, former Governor of California; address, J. A. Marsh, president of Motor Car Dealers' Association of San Francisco, "The Pacific Highway as a Pacific Coast Asset" (deductions from personal experience).

2 p. m.—San Mateo County, on behalf of the State of California, entertains the members of the Pacific Highway Association at a Spanish barbecue at San Mateo, in celebration of the beginning of first actual construction work on new \$18,000,000 California State highway. Cars furnished by courtesy of San Francisco Motor Car Dealers' Association. Informal jollification. Godspeed.

**Diverse Use of Motor Trucks.**—Few persons realize the extent to which the motor truck has crept into the commercial life of Los Angeles and the state of California. According to figures compiled, California ranks fourth in the number of registered trucks, while Los Angeles is fifth in the list of cities using the most motor trucks. In Los Angeles the commercial auto is being put to diverse uses, one of which especially demonstrates the progressiveness along motor vehicle lines. The contractors who are building the Hill street tunnel have contracted with a trucking company for the renewal of all dirt and materials, and ten trucks are being operated for this purpose. A three ton truck with a dump body is the latest to be installed in the equipment. Each truck makes about thirty round trips a day, carrying four and a half tons each trip for a distance of four and a half miles. When the work started only four trucks were used on the job, but more were re-

quired, so that six additional trucks had to be ordered. By the use of trucks instead of the slower horse equipment, one steam shovel is able to do the work of two.

**Time Record May Stand.**—Local auto enthusiasts are still cherishing the hope in their breasts that the American Automobile Association may yet decide to allow the Santa Monica race record to stand. The record was disqualified some time ago, but pressure has been brought to bear by local dealers so that the contest board is to reconsider its action. A telegram received this week by E. E. Hewlett has rekindled the hope among Los Angeles motor fans. It reads: Time for Santa Monica races not officially accepted, pending receipt of original ticker tape of timing instrument. Tape just received this morning from Halliwell Bros., timers, and records will be checked up and approved if satisfactory. Wm. Schimpt, Chairman.

**Putting on Airs.**—Announcements of new garages and salesrooms along auto row have been coming rather frequently of late, because of the steady growth of automobile business in Los Angeles. The latest firm to decide that its present headquarters is inadequate is the Brown-Symonds Company, which has just completed plans for a new home for the Stutz on Pico, off Grand avenue. The building will be of white brick and will be two stories with a basement. It will have a seventy-foot frontage. The show room will be finished in tile and mahogany. It will be ready for occupancy in October.

**All Favor the Franklin.**—Selling four Franklin cars to four brothers was the unique record made recently by R. C. Hamlin, local agent for that popular priced car. Not satisfied with supplying the family with Franklin cars he extended his exertions further and sold a small touring car to a brother-in-law of the quartette. The four brothers who bought the autos are J. D., J. H., T. F. and R. H. McGrath, and the brother-in-law is James Leonard. All five of the purchasers are ranch owners near Oxnard, where they have made fortunes in the beet sugar business and lima bean industry. Three of the cars have been delivered, and the other two will be within a week.

**Boosting in a Bunch.**—More than thirty-five cars backed by more than five hundred good roads boosters of Taft, Maricopa, Fellows, McKittrick and vicinity have been participating in the "Three Hour to the Coast" automobile tour this week. The party left Maricopa August 1, and will return to the starting points on Sunday. The complete itinerary by days follows: August 1—Leave Maricopa via Fort Tejon Canyon, Antelope Valley and Saugus to Oxnard. August 2—Leave Oxnard for Ventura. August 3—At Santa Barbara. August 4—Run to Maricopa via Santa Maria, Santa Margarita and McKittrick.

**Auto Bus to the Hotel.**—Hart brother the local hotel men, have ordered a hotel bus for use for the Natick and Rosslyn hotels, that will be the largest on the coast when completed. It is being made by the United States Truck Company. The order was placed through the Western Auto Body Manufacturing Company of this city. It will have a seating capacity for twenty passengers.

**Will Try Moral Suasion.**—Earle C. Anthony, one of the better known of the local auto dealers, is planning to make a flying trip to the Packard factory within a week to secure more 1913 Packards. The local Packard allotment

has been exhausted, and Anthony has several unfilled orders. His letters and wires to the factory for more cars having proved unavailing, he will make the demands in person.

**Quick Time to Ventura.**—Fast time between here and Ventura was made recently by Mrs. Jeanne Buckley, driving a National "forty," belonging to Leigh Guernsey who, with Mrs. Guernsey, accompanied Mrs. Buckley on the trip. One hour and forty-five minutes were consumed on the road. Mrs. Buckley proved herself an expert driver and from start to finish a stiff pace was set. The run was made when the roads were practically deserted so that, good speed could be maintained without danger. The fastest time was made on the coast boulevard just after leaving Ventura.

**Lee in the Van.**—Don Lee, California distributor for the Cadillac, has made the first entry in the Phoenix road race, having handed his check for the entry fee to John S. Mitchell, official representative of the Maricopa Automobile Club, this week. The entry blank calls for a 1913 Cadillac. T. J. Beaudet of San Francisco will pilot the car.

**Back at His Post.**—William R. Ruess, the prominent local auto dealer is back at his garage and salesroom after a few weeks in the east visiting the Pope-Hartford factory.

### Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

### HENRY H. LYON

Candidate for the Republican

Nomination for  
STATE SENATOR  
29th District

### RICHARD H. NORTON

Candidate for the Republican  
nomination for

SUPERVISOR  
SECOND DISTRICT

My platform—  
"Let the People Rule."

### Political Announcements

Primary Election September 3, 1912  
General Election November 5, 1912

### G. RAY HORTON

Chief Trial Deputy  
District Attorney Los Angeles County

Candidate for

JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT  
of Los Angeles County

Subject to the decision of the Voters at coming Primary

### FREDERICK W. HOUSER

(Incumbent)

Announces his candidacy

to succeed himself as

JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT  
of Los Angeles County

### GEORGE H. HUTTON

(Incumbent)

Announces His Candidacy

To Succeed Himself as

JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT  
of Los Angeles County

### PAUL J. McCORMICK

(Incumbent)

JUDGE OF DEPARTMENT 12  
OF THE SUPERIOR COURT

Announces his non-partisan candidacy to succeed himself as

JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT  
of Los Angeles County

### JAMES C. RIVES

(Incumbent)

SUPERIOR JUDGE  
DEPARTMENT TWO  
(Probate Department)

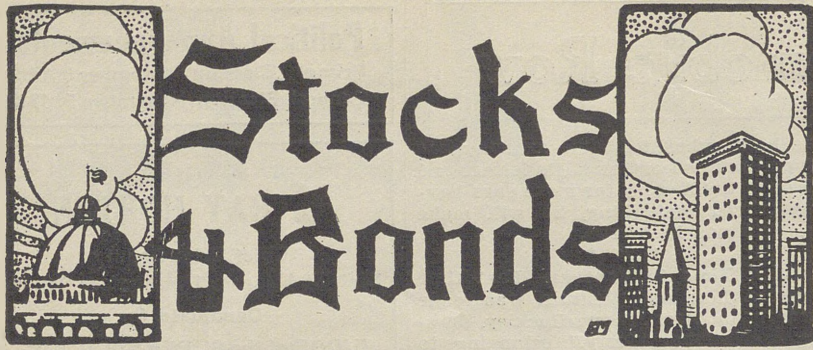
Candidate for nomination at primaries

### GEORGE R. DAVIS

Candidate for

JUDGE of the SUPERIOR COURT  
of Los Angeles County





# Stocks & Bonds

Prices have been fairly well maintained in Los Angeles Stock Exchange trading this week in the face of a somewhat narrow market. The important petroleum have led in the volume of transactions, although there has been a lot of dependable inquiry for several of the industrials, notably Los Angeles Investment, and for the best known and higher priced shares.

Union and the other Stewarts have come in for real buying, with prices slightly harder in all these issues and with a fair volume of actual transactions. Union, after climbing to a shade below par, slipped back again about a point ex dividend. The several Doheny oils also are in demand, with American petroleum selling close to 50, ex dividend, and with the preferred of the same family not anywhere in sight at anything like a reliable price. Doheny Mexicans are less active, although transactions in the preferred have been on an increased scale recently.

Associated is not at all exuberant and Amalgamated, after slipping from 82 to 70, has been permitted to regain two full points, with the market in pretty fair condition. The remainder of the major oil list is not in evidence, the Santa Marias being neglected almost, for the time. The expected increase in the Rice Ranch dividend has not materialized, but the shares have stood up wonderfully, all things considered. Central is soft, hanging around par, and there is nothing doing in Western Union. Columbia is strong and going higher.

Among the lesser oils, California Midway, after being rigged up to 27 on expectations of a new well in gusher territory, was struck by a tornado which wiped better than ten points in market value from the stock. Another try at bringing in the big well is to take place in about a week, by which time it is expected that the shares again will have been pyramided to former recent high levels. National Pacific, due for another, the third monthly assessment of one cent a share, is soft at about 3½.

Among the bonds Mission transportation 5s are in demand and American Petroleum 6s are not wanted, evidently. Associated Oil 5s are firm, and Union Oil 5s are weak. The remainder of the list, with the exception of L. A. Homes, is temporarily active.

Not a great deal is doing among the industrial shares although Los Angeles Investment, which is the pioneer as well as the best known of the building stocks, always commands a reliable price. The L. A. Homes are soft; Edison common is being much sought by investors.

Among the banking shares, several of the highest priced stocks can always be marketed at reliable quotations. Indications point to pronounced gains among the leading bank issues the coming winter.

Mining shares are not popular even among those who fancy that branch of the market. The several coppers, and a few of the Goldfields and Tonapahs, at times command a following, but the local field is not exceptionally strong in this class of speculation.

Money continues plentiful with no signs of a change in rates in the immediate future.

## Banks and Banking

With the expected approach of a heavy fall demand for money, Chicago

banks continue to display almost a total lack of interest in the commercial paper market, with the result that brokers have done little or no business with the usual large buyers in the Chicago market. Simultaneously rates appear to be still upon a slow but steady upward trend, until now the market is quotable at 4½@5 per cent. The attitude of the large Chicago banks now seems to be reflected generally by bankers in most of the larger cities of the interior, referring especially to the reserve centers. Des Moines, Omaha, Detroit, Indianapolis and such cities are not buying paper, and the disposition appears to be to maintain as liberal a reserve position as possible in view of the approaching demands. These larger centers are reported well loaned up already, and the harvest demand is just starting. Banks in the small cities and towns, on the other hand, are doing considerable buying and seem to offer about the only demand for paper in sight. Rates which now have been attained prove sufficiently attractive to these purchasers to stimulate a fairly vigorous call for notes, and traveling salesmen of the large brokers are reporting a good volume of sales. Improved demand for money in business is resulting in a better volume of paper.

El Centro sported its third banking institution last Monday, when the doors of the savings bank in connection with the First National were opened to the public. The capital stock is \$25,000 and the officers are Leroy Holt, president, J. V. Wachtel, Jr., vice-president; J. R. Kleepsie, cashier, and George Kennedy, W. H. Brooks, P. D. Swing, Dr. Virgil McCombs, W. T. Dill, J. M. Hale, B. F. McDonald, and J. V. Wachtel, Jr., directors.

Anaheim National Bank opened its doors last Monday, and its deposits for the first day amounted to \$34,270. Officers of the bank are Charles Eygabroad, president, and F. C. Krause, cashier, and the directors include M. H. Hellman of this city, J. W. Duckworth, V. U. Simpson, G. W. Hamler, and S. C. Hartranft, of Anaheim.

Prosperous conditions in Los Angeles are shown by the gain in bank stocks. Merchants National has increased from \$600 to \$1020 in the last year; First National from \$510 to \$700, and other increases are: Citizens Trust, \$220 to \$265, Farmers and Merchants, \$290 to \$365; German American, \$335 to \$390; Security Trust, \$375 to \$470.

San Dimas' First National Bank will increase its capital from \$25,000 to \$50,000, and will also make improvements in its quarters.

Decision on the proposed rule of paying interest on term deposits will not be decided until the next meeting of the Clearing House, which discussed the matter at its last gathering, Tuesday afternoon.

Bank clearings for the week ending July 25 showed that Los Angeles has an increase of 13.6 per cent over the corresponding period of last year, or \$20,179,584.

Announcement has been made by the Farmers and Merchants National Bank that after August 6 that institution will make a change in regard to the pay-

ment of interest on time deposits. The exact nature of the action is not yet made public, but it is thought that this is the first step of national banks to alter their former regulation against such payments.

Owing to the fact that the word "abstract" confused patrons, the Los Angeles Abstract and Trust Company has petitioned a change of name to the Los Angeles Title & Trust Company. The organization does a general banking business under the trust company laws, and the abstract department is merely one of its additional features.

## Stock and Bond Briefs

London has just celebrated the two hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the founding of the Bank of England, the world's greatest financial institution. No other financial institution in the world possesses so many privileges as the Bank of England. It issues banknotes and acts as the agent of the government in the matter of the national debt. Its stability is famous throughout the world, and "as strong as the Bank of England" is a comparison that has become proverbial.

Special election probably will be called in the Laguna fire district August 10 to vote on the question of issuing \$7000 for fire protection equipment.

San Fernando Union High School district will vote August 12 on an issue of \$50,000 for new school and grounds, bonds to be of \$1000 each, bearing 5%.

Orange Union high school district recently carried a \$50,000 issue for a polytechnic school building and equipment.

August 22 has been set by South Pasadena for the election on the \$70,000 high school bonds.

Election will be held in the Escondido School district August 17 to vote on question of issuing bonds to the amount of \$8000 for increasing school facilities.

El Centro will vote August 26 on an issue of \$40,000 for the construction of a municipal water system.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Widney of 1044 West Thirty-fourth street have as house guests their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley E. Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Schmahl—the latter formerly Miss Francesca Brodrick—are the guests of Mrs. Schmahl's mother, Mrs. W. J. Brodrick of South Figueroa street.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Stimson have opened their summer cottage at Playa del Rey.

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—Your income from the Gold Note is certain and liberal—6% interest payable quarterly.  
—Gold Notes are backed by \$10,000,000.00 paid-in capital and surplus—a tangible security based on the ownership of choice Los Angeles real estate.

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Are You Boosting your business with a booklet?  
If so you will want the best experts in the city to make your cuts. See

## Star Engraving Company

322 West First Street.

## Professional and Business Directory

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SAMUEL C. FOY, 315 North Los Angeles St.  
Established 1854. Main 8806

### JEWELRY MANUFACTURERS

CARL ENTENMANN, Jeweler.  
217½ S. Spring St., Upstairs

### BOOKS, STATIONERY & PICTURES

JONES BOOK STORE, 228 West First Street

### ELECTRIC LIGHTING FIXTURES

FORVE-PETTEBONE CO., 514 S. Broadway.  
Main 937, Home 937



# VACATION SUGGESTIONS

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The Mission City.

**PASO ROBLES HOT SPRINGS**  
"Any one can get well here."—  
Admiral Evans.

**DEL MONTE**  
With its Hotel, Park, 17-mile drive,  
Polo, Golf, Tennis.

**SANTA CRUZ**  
The "Atlantic City" of the West,  
with its new hotel Casa del Rey.

**YOSEMITE**  
One of the wonders of the world.

**THE HIGH SIERRAS**  
Nature's Playground.

**SHASTA SPRINGS and  
SHASTA RESORTS**  
Pleasure places set amid wild  
crags.

**KLAMATH LAKE**  
The Land of Pine and Fir and  
Big Game.

**CRATER LAKE**  
The Sportsman's Paradise.

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CANADIAN ROCKIES**  
The Land that Lures.

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Anything from "Roughing It" to  
luxury.

**YELLOWSTONE PARK**  
"Wonderland," where Geysers gush.

SEE AGENTS

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OFFICERS.

**CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK**  
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.  
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.  
Capital, \$1,500,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

**COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK**  
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.  
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.  
Capital, \$200,000.  
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

**FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK**  
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.  
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.  
Capital, \$1,500,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.  
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.  
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$1,825,000.

**MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK**  
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.  
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.  
Capital, \$200,000.  
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

**NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA**  
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.  
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.  
Capital, \$500,000.00.  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

**NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE  
IN LOS ANGELES**  
N. E. Cor. Second and Main

F. M. DOUGLAS, President.  
H. J. STAVE, Cashier.  
Capital, \$300,000.  
Surplus, \$25,000.

**CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK**  
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.  
JAMES E. GIST, Cashier.  
Capital, \$300,000.00.  
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

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complete, prompt and satisfactory---but that it is profitable as  
well. The newspaper clipping we reproduce in this advertisement shows that  
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The Los Angeles Trust & Savings Bank, through its splendidly organized  
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will place you under no obligation. You are invited to visit us.

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